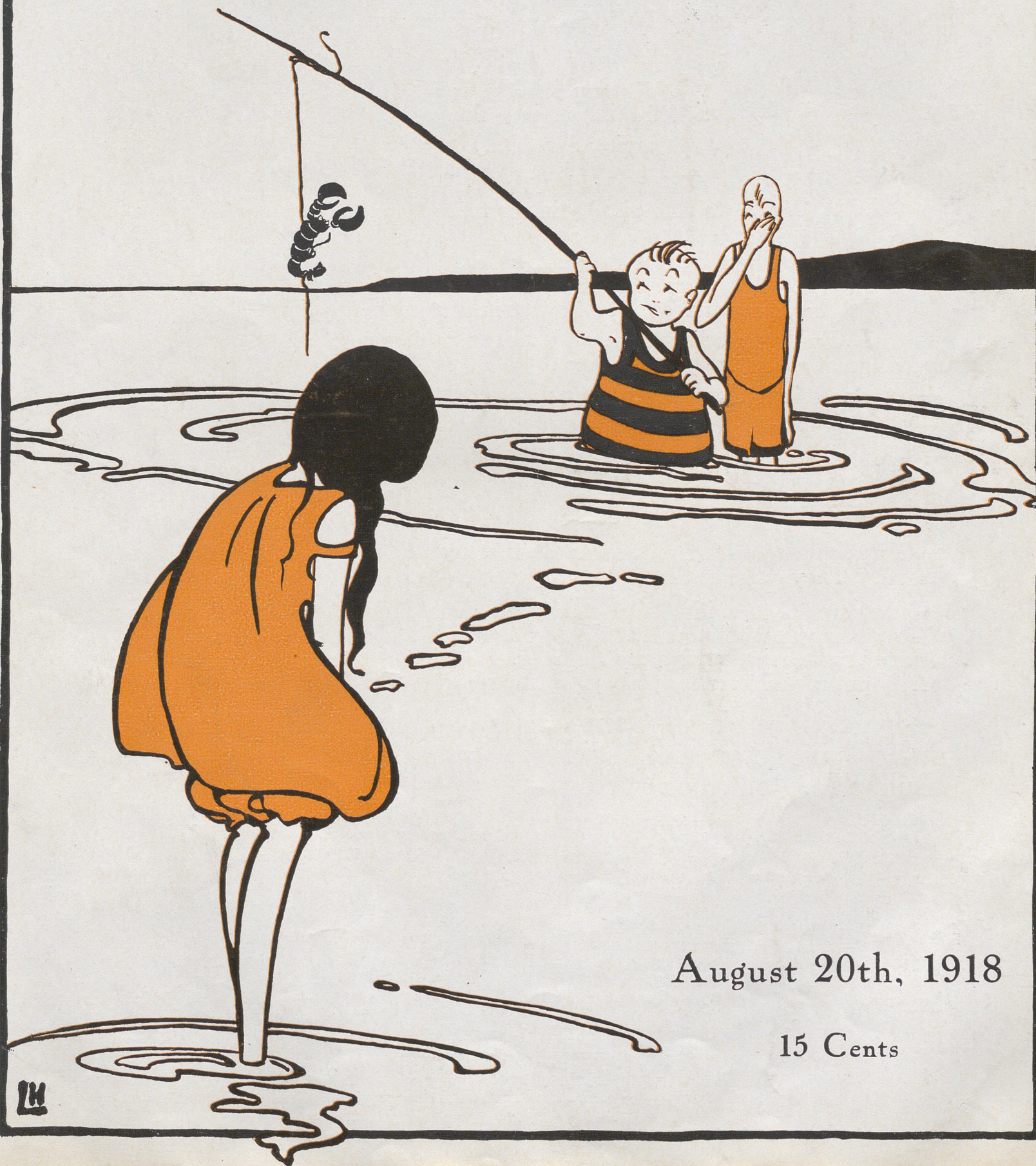


THE GRAPHIC



August 20th, 1918

15 Cents

FURS!

in August?

— Yes — indeed, or in July or June—if you can buy them in the way you can buy them now, for a limited period at Bullock's — And with Bullock's as your surety — (for one must be careful in buying furs and paying for them.)

— This would be fair advice, it seems to us, especially in the face of circumstances.

— For here are real furs—fine, thick, soft, warm, fluffy fuzzy furs—in pieces from small collars to big, beautiful coats—at most important concessions—

— in the Event that has grown to be a companion event of Bullock's great clearance—

— At concessions that appear to us, this year, to be more important than they have ever been—

*What do you think? You who know
Furs so well?*

— They come from furriers of renown—these coats, capes, coatees, stoles and scarfs. They come as the result of earnest effort.

— They are to go, with "the heart of Bullock's" in every one—should you share them you will know that they are as they are sold to be—fox, wolf, mink, beaver, sable, seal, ermine, mole, skunk. No matter—the confidence that you CAN put in this event is perhaps as important as the prices that are here—

— If you love Furs—Come and see them—even though you may have not the slightest intention of buying—at Bullock's—3rd floor.

— COATS of Hudson Seal—\$350 to \$750—of Mole at \$350 to \$650.

— COATEES of Seal \$140 to \$285—of Nutria, \$85 to \$200—of Kolinsky, \$235 to \$265—of Kolinsky Squirrel, \$105 to \$189—of Mole at \$265 to \$350.

— CAPES of Seal, \$45 to \$150—of Kolinsky \$55 to \$325—of Ermine, \$105 to \$275—of Sable, \$165 to \$325—of Gray Squirrel, \$39.50 to \$95—of Mink, \$65 to \$235—of Mole, \$75 to \$175—of Tipped Sable, \$160 to \$325—of Skunk, \$70 to \$185.

— CAPES of Pointed Fox, \$95 to \$125—of Cross Fox, \$97.50 to \$135—of Red Fox, \$60 to \$110—of White Fox, \$97.50 to \$145—of Brown Fox, \$65 to \$85—of Wolf in slate, brown, black, taupe, gray and Lucille at \$29.50 to \$55—of Lynx in black and taupe, \$65 to \$85—brown Raccoon, \$29.50 to \$85.

— SMALL NECK PIECES—of Nutria, Hudson Seal, Squirrel, Mole, Ermine, Lynx, Taup Nutria, \$15 to \$65.

— MUFFS \$20 to \$100—of Seal, Mole, Squirrel, Dyed Fitch, Gray Squirrel and Ermine.

Bullock's
Los Angeles

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

HAWLEY—MCCLELLAN. Miss Madeline Hawley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Hawley, to Lieutenant Fred McClellan, U. S. A. Both young people are popular in San Diego's younger set. Lieutenant McClellan, who is stationed at Fort MacArthur, is the son of General John McClellan.

MACDONOUGH—ROLLINS. Miss Helen MacDonough, of San Francisco, to Mr. James H. Rollins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton B. Rollins, of Los Angeles. Miss MacDonough formerly lived in Los Angeles, but for the last year has made her home with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Riddell, in San Francisco.

CONKLE—REIDER. Formal announcement has been made of the betrothal of Miss Edith Conkle to Mr. Francis F. Reider, both popular young people of Long Beach. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

HART—BRUCE. Miss Dorothy Hart, of 3121 College avenue, Berkeley, to Mr. Harold Lawton Bruce, a member of the faculty of the University of California. Miss Hart formerly lived in Pasadena.

DAVIS—DE SWARTE. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, of Colfax, Washington, have formally announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lou Davis, to Captain Clarence Gordon de Swarte. Captain de Swarte is stationed at Fort MacArthur.

MORENO—CUNNINGHAM. Miss Marie Moreno, to Mr. Bob Cunningham, both of Los Angeles. Miss Moreno, who is a Red Cross nurse, will leave soon for service in France.

PARK—ROGERS. Miss Florence Park, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Park of Michigan, to Mr. Harry M. Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rogers, of 216 West Adams street, Los Angeles. The wedding will take place this fall.

WOODWARD—JOHNSON. Miss Hazel Elizabeth Woodward, daughter of Mr. J. A. Woodward, of Los Angeles, to Mr. Charles Garfield Johnson, of San Francisco.

WEDDINGS

BUTLER—MICKELWAIT. Miss Gladys Consuelo Butler, daughter of Mrs. J. Alfred Butler, of Boston and San Diego, and Lieutenant Claude B. Mickelwait, of Twin Falls, Idaho. The marriage took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church at San Diego, with Dr. Barnes, rector of the church, officiating.

COUGHLIN—ULLOM. Miss Rose Coughlin, of Las Vegas, Nevada, and Mr. Lloyd Ullom, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ullom of Las Vegas. The marriage took place at Reno.

SHEA—STARR. Miss Blanche Shea, daughter of Mr. William Shea of North Brand boulevard, Glendale, and Mr. Frank Starr, of Deer Lodge, Montana. The young couple will make their home in Montana.

HOLMES—MADERIAN. Miss Mary Holmes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Holmes of Lexington street, Pomona, to Mr. Henry Maderian, of

Camp Kearny. Mr. Maderian is a member of the hospital corps, at Camp Kearny.

CASE—COURTENAYE. Miss Juanita Case, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Case, of Pomona, and Dr. J. Courtenaye of New York City. The marriage was solemnized at Alexandria, Virginia.

COLLIER—KULL. Miss Helen Collier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Collier, of Los Angeles, and Lieutenant George C. Kull. Lieutenant Kull is stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as instructor in the radio section of the aviation school, but is awaiting orders to go overseas.

ATWELL—COKE. Miss Agnes Salome Atwell, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. F. S. Atwell, of Chino, and Mr. William Howard Coke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Coke, of Ontario. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. Cochran of Los Angeles.

WALTON—STAFFORD. Miss Louise Walton, of Delta, Utah, and Ensign Walter E. Stafford, of Claremont. The marriage took place at the home of the bride in Delta. Both Mr. Stafford and his bride attended the Pomona College.

KITE—CARR. Miss Esta Leone Kite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Kite of 1417 Rollins street, South Pasadena, and Mr. William K. Carr, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Carr, of North First street, Alhambra.

HENDY—SHORES. Miss Gladys Hendy, daughter of Mr. Joshua Hendy, of Sunnyvale, and Lieutenant Rex Shores, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Shores, of 1824 St. Andrews place, Los Angeles. The marriage took place in Palo Alto. Lieutenant Shores is stationed at Camp Fremont.

HOWARD—TYGRET. Miss Aimee Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Howard, of Highland Park, and Mr. Harry Tygrett, of Kansas City. The marriage took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Creel, of Kansas City, with whom Miss Howard was visiting. Mr. and Mrs. Tygrett will make their home in Brookfield, Mo.

GRANT—POWELL. Miss Sylvia Grant, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alexander Charles Grant, and Mr. Meade W. Powell, of Bisbee, Arizona.

FYER—FREDERICH. Miss Rachel Fryer and Mr. Walter S. Frederich, of Idaho. The wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Thrall in Alhambra.

BUNDY—BLUE. Mrs. Julia Ford Bundy and Dr. John Gilbert Blue. The marriage was celebrated at the Pasadena Presbyterian Church, with the Rev. Dr. Robert Freeman, pastor of the church, reading the service. Dr. and Mrs. Blue will make their home in Pasadena.

MOSES—SMITH. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Moses, of 1161 Crenshaw boulevard, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Eleanor, to Mr. Gerald F. Smith, also of Los Angeles.

ELKINTON—KENYON. Mrs. Clara Worth Elkinton and Mr. Philo Clemens Kenyon, both of Los Angeles. Mr. Kenyon was formerly from Des Moines, Iowa.

DUNHAM—RYAN. Miss Miriam Dunham, of Los Angeles, and Dr. Clark B. Ryan, of La Jolla. The ceremony was celebrated by the Rev. Paul C. Elliott in La Jolla.

LITTLE—DAVIS. Miss Blanche Little and Mr. Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis, who has been stationed at Arcadia in the aviation service, has been transferred to a camp in Kentucky.

CASTLEMAN—PERKINS. Miss Henrietta Castleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Castleman, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Winfield Perkins, of Minneapolis. The wedding was celebrated in Trinity Church, Watertown. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins will make their home in Redfield, South Dakota.

Uprights
\$635
and up



Grands
\$985
and up

Galli-Curci Prefers The STEINWAY

Steinway & Sons, New York, announced recently that Madame Amelita Galli-Curci, the celebrated operatic soprano, will use the Steinway piano exclusively during the 1918-1919 season. The Steinway piano will be the official piano at all of Madame Galli-Curci's concerts, and will be used in her studio and in her home. Madame Galli-Curci has won international fame as the greatest coloratura soprano of the present generation. She scored triumph after triumph throughout the entire season of the Chicago Opera Co., and when this company gave a New York season of two weeks, Madame Galli-Curci was acclaimed by critics and musicians as the peer of the world's greatest sopranos.

The Steinway piano has for many years been used exclusively by many of the world's most famous artists. It has been enthusiastically endorsed by artists whose fame and prestige are international, and the choice of the Steinway piano by Madame Galli-Curci adds another illustrious name to the long list of renowned celebrities using the Steinway piano exclusively.

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The Graphic

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WINFIELD HOGABOOM - - - - - Editor

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Publishers' Announcement

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THE LAW

Section 1273, Civil Code of California

WILL of MARRIED WOMEN

A married woman may dispose of all her separate estate by will, without the consent of her husband, and may alter or revoke the will in like manner as if she were single. Her will must be executed and proved in like manner as other wills.

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The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



G. Edwin Williams

MRS. MAURRICE MARSHALL NEWMAN

ONE OF LOS ANGELES' MOST ATTRACTIVE WAR-TIME BRIDES. BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO LIEUTENANT NEWMAN, LAST MONTH, SHE WAS MISS MARJORIE HINES, A MEMBER OF THE PATRIOTIC LEAGUE, AND ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS IN THE DEBUTANTE SET.

MRS. NEWMAN IS THE DAUGHTER OF MRS. FRED A. HINES, OF 1834 WEST ELEVENTH STREET

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THERE HAS JUST been formed the Lafayette Society of California, with state headquarters in Los Angeles. The Society was organized July 30th, in the rooms of the Society, Sons of the Revolution, in the Citizens National Bank Building, where its headquarters are for the present located. Incorporation papers have been filed, with the following petitioners' names signed there-to: Dr. Hector Aliot, Orra Eugene Monnette, Pierson Worrall Banning, Gen. Charles Henry Whipple, U. S. A., Retired, William Irving Hollingsworth, Col. Edward Wadsworth Jones, Francis Eugene Bacon, Charles Richardson Fletcher. The purpose for which the Lafayette Society of California has been organized, are stated in the Constitution as follows:

"The purposes of this Society shall be to foster true American patriotism and democratic citizenship; to continue and enhance the friendly relations now existing between the United States of America and the Republic of France; to suitably celebrate the birthday of the Marquis de Lafayette, September 6th, as an auspicious occasion, so as to more closely cement the bonds and amity and humanitarian service now uniting both nations; to engage in such other patriotic activities and services furthering the purposes and principles of this Society as events shall in the future indicate; to collect and preserve records and memorials reflective of the life and history of Lafayette and his relationship to the American commonwealth; to carry on through appropriate channels the aims and purposes of this Society."

From the Constitution we also note that women are admitted to membership on the same terms and conditions as the men. Also, that the membership is thrown open to the public with only the following limitations: Any loyal American or French citizen of good moral character shall be eligible to membership in the Lafayette Society of California, who shall not be disapproved by the Board of Directors or by a Committee appointed to pass thereon. Then to properly carry out the above requirements there is a Nominating Committee who take charge of sending invitations or passing upon them, when names are suggested for membership in the Society. Last year the first Celebration of Lafayette Birthday was held in Los Angeles, by a Committee appointed for the purpose. The event proved remarkably successful, with an attendance of more than one thousand present, at Exposition Park. Plans for the present Celebration on September 6th, have not been announced as yet, but in all likelihood they will be held at Exposition Park, of Friday, September 6th, at 4 P. M., where a brief rousing patriotic talk, appropriate to the cause and times, and excellent music will feature the event.

EX-GOVERNOR MYRON T. HERRICK in a recent address has uttered a noteworthy warning to bankers concerning the new competition which may be expected from governmental agencies and co-operative institutions fostered by the government, in receiving deposits and making loans. He named the postal savings system, now holding \$137,000,000 of deposits, as the first of these competitors. The postal savings deposits are obtained mostly in the cities, and thus far have been re-deposited with local banks or converted into government bonds, but measures are constantly pending to authorize other disposition of them. The original limitations upon deposits already have been considerably modified. Attention is directed to the provision of the Farm Loan act which authorizes the Farm Loan Associations to receive deposits and pay 4 per cent interest on them, and the Governor expressed the opinion that the Farm Loan banks will develop into savings banks, with the associations as branches for collecting funds. The agita-

tion for governmental facilities for lending credit to the farmers has been successful to the extent of providing mortgage loans through the Federal Land Banks, but it will not stop there. Various propositions are in course of development for providing short time credit to farmers, and a bill to that purpose is now pending for the organization of mutual associations, affiliated with the Federal Farm Loan system.

AN ARMY OF a million men needs 16,000 nurses, according to General Ireland, U. S. A., who has cablegrammed the National Red Cross Department of Nursing in regard to conditions brought about by the present offensive. There is a shortage of nurses in France according to this estimate as we now have more than a million men there and less than 8,000 nurses—less than half the number required in times of actual warfare. One thousand nurses per week for a period of eight weeks is the enrollment asked of the American Red Cross by the Surgeon General's office to meet this shortage and replace those being withdrawn from cantonments for service in France. The need appears very urgent and the probability is that a large number of graduate nurses will be sent over.

TWO "LIBERTY LOAN SPECIALS" will tour this district from the opening to the closing day as a feature of the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign. Each train will carry battlefield trophies captured by the Americans on the Aisne-Marne front and General Pershing is now making the selection to be shipped immediately. The trains will be made up of a baggage car, tourist sleeper and two flat cars to carry the larger trophies. American heroes, now in hospitals as a result of recent fighting, will bear the brunt of the speaking campaign in this district. Twenty-five of these soldiers have been assigned to this district. Many speakers of national prominence will assist, among them Lieutenant Vincent de Wierzvicki of the French High Commission. Automobile tours will be made to reach the communities not touched by the railroad lines. American soldiers will be assigned to these trips.

THE SITUATION IN regard to the Governorship of California hasn't changed much since the publication of the last issue of THE GRAPHIC, except that the stock of Judge Walter Bordwell appears to be going up considerably, and J. O. Hays, of San Jose seems to have gained the attention and support of many businessmen on his platform of retrenchment and reform. Governor Stephens hurt himself by his reprieve of Mooney, and Rolph, of San Francisco, is putting a good bit of money into advertising, which will doubtless be to his advantage. Opinions of men who claim to know differ as to the situation between Heney and Woolwine for the Democratic nomination, but many of the wise ones in this part of the state seem to think Woolwine is leading Heney. John C. Cline is quite certain to be the next sheriff, if anyone should ask you.

ALMOST EVERYBODY is acting upon the theory that he must have his own wages or the prices of his products advanced sufficiently to enable him to live on the same scale of personal expenditure as in time of peace, but remembering that the total production of all the manufacturing establishments in the United States in 1914 was valued at \$24,000,000,000 and that the Government wants \$24,000,000,000 worth of supplies and services this year, how can we go on with private consumption as usual?

BY THE WAY

ON Friday evening, August 16, a number of intimate friends and business associates of John D. Spreckels, of San Diego, gathered in that city for a jollification, the occasion being the 65th birthday of the man who has done so much for the city that rests on the shores of the "Harbor of the Sun." And it was at this gathering that these friends and associates presented to Mr. Spreckels a magnificent full-length oil painting, a portrait of Mr. Spreckels, painted by the noted artist, Mr. Arthur Cahill.

For months the artist has been at work, in his studio at the Coronado Hotel, on this great work, and when it was unveiled at the gathering and for the first time viewed by those who are so intimate with Mr. Spreckels, and who know his every mood and gesture and posture, it was declared to be perfect. But previous to this moment, the artist had made a futurist conception of Mr. Spreckels, and while the assembled guests waited breathlessly for the first glimpse of the picture the curtains were pulled away from this conception, and there were gasps of astonishment.

Then, when it seemed that Cahill's boasted artistry was to be proved a sham, the picture was covered, and on the other side of the room the real gift, an almost breathing likeness of Mr. Spreckels, was presented to the gathering.

Cahill, a reproduction of whose painting is carried in this issue of THE GRAPHIC, has been in Coronado for about six months. He came ostensibly to paint portraits of some of the officers of the 144th field artillery, Camp Kearny, and then, at the solicitation of the friends of Mr. Spreckels, he induced him to pose. The gift to Mr. Spreckels was the result.

OUR local university has at last asserted herself, and secured from her supporters an adequate endowment. Started on a large scale forty years ago by the Methodist Conference of Southern California, the institution enjoyed prosperity for a certain time, and then the fall in real estate which marked the close of the eighties dealt her a vital blow and for the next fifteen years her very existence was threatened. The advance made in the last fifteen years has been phenomenal, the student body now touching the four thousand mark, and the reputation of the faculty keeping in step with the growth. In connection with the Educational Jubilee of the Methodist Church, which has been aiming at a total of thirty million dollars for her institutions, a million dollar campaign was set on foot here for the University of Southern California. The close of the campaign was set for Wednesday, June 12, at midnight. When the day arrived it was announced that the campaign endowment movement had gone over the top, and that \$1,125,000 had been pledged.



JANE ADDAMS, PHILOSOPHER

By ROLAND JOHNSTONE

THE first impression one gets of Jane Addams is that of absolute serenity. An entire absence of hurry, a sense of placidity coupled with intellectual power. Her face is the face of a woman who has thought, planned, failed, succeeded, striven, and is ever striving. Experience has lined her forehead but lightly, yet in her eyes is the questioning gaze of one who still looks ahead. Sincerity is perhaps the prevailing keynote of her character, if so many-sided an individuality may be said to have one outstanding attribute. Even to meet her once, leaves an impression of an extraordinary woman, a woman who has read the book of life and pondered deeply over its pages.

A native Illinoisan, she has won recognition in many countries, and along many lines. Her travels in Europe, her many degrees and honors gained in the principal colleges in the United States, her writings and lectures—all these would have marked her as a very unusual woman. Her establishment, with the aid of Miss Ellen Starr of Chicago, of the Hull House Settlement, was the pioneer movement of its kind on such theories and ideas, following in certain of its phases the celebrated settlement of Toynbee Hall in England. Her work in connection with Hull House is now a matter of household knowledge the world over.

It seems almost axiomatic that if any movement is started in America for the betterment of social conditions for the masses, for the amelioration of the surroundings of the poor, for the uplifting of moral and hygienic standards in the cities, that the support and experience of Miss Addams should at once be sought. Her vast and varied experiences in the myriad work of enlightenment and reform have given her a grasp of affairs peculiar to herself, and possessed by scarcely another person in this country. Probably the utter lack of the quality of self-consciousness is one of her most magnetic forces. It does not seem as though she had ever given a thought to Jane Addams, woman, in her entire absorption of the ideal of Jane Addams, philosopher.

For it is in this capacity that she has really attained the heights, the science of things divine and human. Not the dry-as-dust bookish philosophy of the savant and professor, but the wide-spreading, deep-rooted knowledge of the philosopher who has thought much, suffered much, endured much, and has come through the fiery furnaces of experience purified and strengthened by the flames. To take up the burdens of the poor is to share, somewhat, their heart-breaks and travail, and the jewel of sympathy is cleansed and made brighter with tears. And so it has been with Jane Addams.

In the work she has done and is doing, and will always do (for such natures inevitably die in the harness) the strange similarity of human nature has undoubtedly been indelibly impressed on a mind as sensitive and reflecting as her own. In the strange mixture of the good and the bad, the high and the low, the strong and the weak, the vicious and the noble-minded, the flotsam and jetsam of human currents and under-currents, she has had full opportunity to study, and partly disentangle the web of mortal contradiction. City streets and city life throw high lights and deep shadows on the curtain of human events, and, as ever, "the noblest study of mankind is man."

Miss Addams has found that genuine warm-heartedness and generosity may be linked with unblushing political dishonesty and rapacity; that the Alderman denounced by the press (itself perhaps little less dishonest—except from a legal standpoint) may be, as a matter of fact, emotionally sympathetic as to the woes of his constituents, and practically helpful to them in a multitude of ways. She has learned that once gained, the confidence of the masses is very tenacious and loyal. She has learned that even as between the so-called "masses" and the "classes"—words hateful to an American, there is pretty nearly everything in common except money.

How many years of study in the varying library of human experience it is necessary to undergo in order to strike the proper balance, to get the clear and philosophic outlook on life which Miss Addams has caught!

Every tone of her voice, every gesture while she is speaking betokens this broad viewpoint, the plane of tolerance and sympathy. How many women, or men either for that matter, have studied the race as this woman has done, and for so many years? In Hull House she has had the rare advantage of being in the very centre of a singularly cosmopolitan admixture of different nationalities. In assembling them for the struggle of life she has had unparalleled opportunities for observing racial contradictions, racial prejudices, racial characteristics—and thereby gained an inner consciousness of world-nature such has been vouchered to very few women or men.

From the melting-pot of Hull House she has skimmed the froth of opposing elements and clarified the residue with the ingredients of her philosophy, which is love, kindness, patience and tolerance. And in her wider excursions into the fields of human longing and endeavor she has brought this human, versus the mere bookish touch with her. And so whether it be the grey-haired man bent with the curves of burdening winters, or the girl blushing and palpitating with apprehensive modesty, it needs only a word, a look, a gesture from the founder of Hull House to bring the sense of friendship into the conversation, a lack of formality, the feeling of kinship and sympathy.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

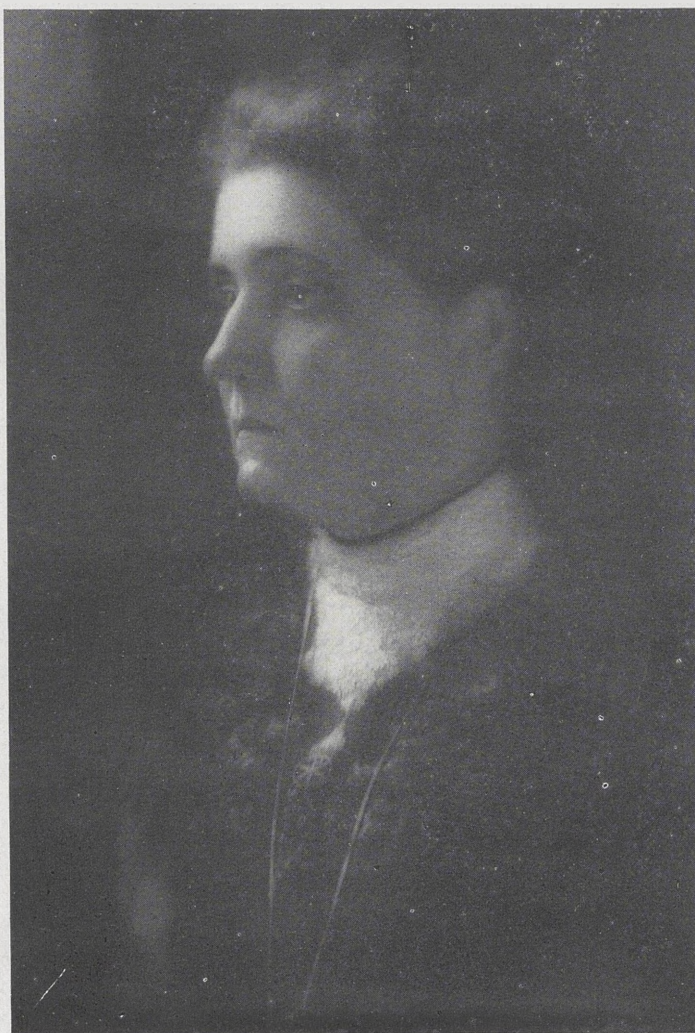
And so schools have been named after this woman, honors paid her wherever she visits, and, invisibly, flowers of gratitude and affection are strewn in her path wherever her footsteps go.

It is a most unique combination in anyone when you find the spiritual and the practical, the theoretical and the executive in a single individual. Such a possession is, first of all, a faculty inborn. No amount of training nor study can bring it about. Figures and fancies, dreams and achievements, are rather paradoxical partners, yet it sometimes happens that a man or a woman combine them all in one individuality. If Miss Addams had been less of a dreamer, she would have missed her vocation; if she had been lacking in initiative and executive force she would not have seen her dreams come true. And, too, if she had not possessed the genius of selecting, and then trusting her subordinates, she would not have so surely commanded success. It would be easy enough to imagine her, if a girl ran into her office at Hull House crying "the house is on fire,"—touching the button which set the fire contingent in immediate action, and then saying quietly

to her informant, "Sit down, my dear, there's no occasion for any excitement." Not to be hurried, nor to be downcast. Not to be disappointed, nor greatly elated. Serenity, poise, keen intelligence, dignity, humor, fine capacities as a speaker and a writer. A woman of the world, yet as simple and unassuming as a nun. Always working, always thinking, never wasting time nor anticipating it.

"To mark the seasons, even-paced,
And like the star, nor rest nor haste."

A rare, rare woman, indeed.
And God's best work, after all, at the last, was woman;
Judge her, and prove her, and test her faults; no doubt you can;
But indeed, as the world's page reads she is yet more human,
Loving and faithful and more forgiving than lesser man.
For ever since Adam the natures of men were common,
Mere quartz, where as veined and virgin gold, her finer nature ran.
In the task to which she is now giving her energies—the labor of aiding her country in the present crisis, she has brought all her powers of intellect and ability. Her addresses have been listened to with intense interest everywhere, and are proving invaluable as a stimulus to the rising generation of girls and boys who love Jane Addams.



JANE ADDAMS

THE NEW HATH CHARMS

By JO NEELY

I WONDER in what realm of after life doth dwell the soul of the man who stated definitely and positively quite without qualification or reservation, that there was "nothing new under the sun"?

"Oh, that I knew where I might find him,

That I might come even to his rest!"

Verily, would I rob him of the glory of his alleged wisdom, lay low his boastful pride, and take from him the fame of many years, for it has come to pass that we of Los Angeles have discovered that there is something in the world of art that is absolutely new and not alone new, but also strange and wonderful, and withal a thing of such beauty that to fade into nothingness were impossible.

"What, Art! now, today, and here, in this so very new and unromantic country?" cries the aesthetic devotee of the Old, with brows uplifted in depreciation and disparagement of the present. "Alas, Art, real Art, dwells only in the Past."

Ah, but this is surely art for all it is quite new, and an art absolutely different from anything else that has ever been done we tell this Doubting Thomas, who replies, "well, just what is it, and how is it done? So we endeavor to explain that it is a painting wondrously wrought in silk of marvellous hues, so fine as to resemble a single strand of cobweb rainbowed by the glinting sun, with a needle so fragile and slender in size that it almost eludes the grasp of human fingers even though the fingers be fairylike. But again our carping critic waxes scornful, and wearily exclaims "Oh, tapestry and embroidery have long since reached the apex of beauty and perfection, and certainly neither can be called new. Why, thousands of years before our era we found that on the borders of the Nile, in Western Asia, and in Greece, the art of representing subjects by means of the loom, which grew into a decorative art of tapestry and attained to great and extraordinary beauty among the ancient Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Persians, while in Ninevah the textile art was used for the weaving of side hangings done in many gorgeous colors and suspended by flaxen rings and ivory cords attached to marble columns. And the Hebrews connected tapestry with the decorations of monuments, the chief ornamental features of the Tabernacle built by Moses consisting of

hangings richly colored and covered with exquisite embroidery. The Phrygians, by the way, invented the art of embroidery with the needle, and certainly the Japanese have made it a super-finished art that nowhere in the world—"

"But," I break in breathlessly, upon this learned person, "What was it about Penelope? Wasn't there someone called Penelope who tapestried or embroidered, or something? and wasn't she—"

"Oh, yes, Euphites narrates 'Penelope, bethinking herself of a new artifice, has undertaken to weave an immense canvas as delicate as it is vast.' Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, for the 'undertaking a new artifice' describes the artist who has created this new art which I am endeavoring to convince you is new, as well as original and different and wonderful."

It is well nigh impossible to give a truly adequate idea of the nature of this work. The uniqueness and exquisite loveliness of which stamps its creator nothing short of genius, but it can probably best be described as woven miniatures in relief. The pictures—landscapes, figures, scenes, or whatever, are sketched as for painting, then woven on cloth with incredibly finely-split vari-hued silk thread. Fancy the finest spool silk being divided into three strands and one of these strands divided in two. For that is the actual thickness—or rather, thinness—of the strand with which is wrought this cunning workmanship, all of which bears such a true sense of artistic value that the result is lovely beyond compare. The picture here shown is a miniature weaving called "The Lady with Titian Locks," the tout ensemble of which constrains us to believe that mysterious secrets have been unfolded to the artist or that she is in league with the Color-God, so uncannily clever is her blending of seemingly impossible color combinations. The silken strands of purple and turquoise are worked together in such a way as to produce

the effect of blue, which forms the sky. The old green shawl is first woven and then draped in relief upon the figure. The eyelashes are made from the very finest human hair skillfully put in place, then clipped with exceedingly small scissors. The expression of the face is unbelievably arch and natural, and the gayly-plumed bird in the bronze cage is startlingly life-like. In direct contrast to this brilliant bit of art is a picture of the



MRS. REGGIE URDAHL SMITH
WHO HAS FOUND SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN



"THE LADY WITH TITIAN LOCKS"

(Continued on page 19)

HOW RUBY PLAYED

By GEORGE W. BAGBY

Reprinted from Stedman's Anthology of American Literature.

With the probable coming to Los Angeles of the widely heralded Russian violinist, Jascha Heifetz, in the near future, a request has been sent in to reprint the account of the playing of Anton Rubinstein, premier Russian pianist of his day, a musician of world-wide renown.

(Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing:)

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedist planner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a d'strected billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire insides c'ean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-lead'ed a little on the treble, and twoodle-ood'ed some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I: "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heich!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idea, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day.

The light came faint from the east, the breezes blew gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

* * * * *

Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, my Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare? I paid my money and you jest come a-nigh me."

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down.

But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hopt-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the keyboard. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end and all the angels went to prayers * * * * Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drip-drip, drop-drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stooped a moment or two to catch breath. Then he got mad. He ran his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a little further, he dragged up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled.

He knocked her down and he stamp on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambrie needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his center, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades.

He opened his cannon—siege guns down

thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump, Tompson in a tumbler-cart, rood'e-ood'e-ood'e-oodle — ruddle-udd'e-udd'e-uddle — radd'e-addle-addle-add'e — ridd'e-idd'e-idd'e-idd'e — reed'e-eed'e-eed'e-eed'e-eed'e — p-r-r-r-r lank! Bang! ! ! lang! perlang! p-r-r-r-r-r! ! Bang! !

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the air and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianer at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand-five hundred and forty-two heme-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I didn't know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"

ECSTASY

Music! music! thy balm for woes,
Music! music! out of the throes
Of death, were they encompassing me,
Would carry me over a rhythmic sea,
Gloriously, joyously free!

SARAH MABELLE PAUP



ANTON RUBINSTEIN

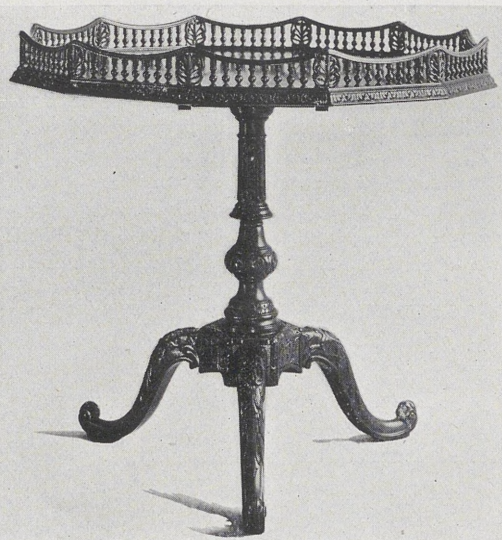
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

By ROY C. BAILIE

THE correct furnishing of the home is both an art and a science. As the forked stick gave place to the plow, and the ox-cart to the automobile, so the rude cabins changed to homes of comfort and refinement. The simple furnishings which were considered quite ample for our forebears, have long since been relegated to the garret or fire, and the productions of modern civilization have changed crudeness and unsightliness into simple elegance and harmony.

Culture is as readily seen in one's home, as it is in manners, deportment and dress. American ingenuity has made it possible for the average artisan to possess furnishings for his home which none but the wealthy could afford fifty years ago. Manufacturers have vied with each other in an effort to suggest means of increasing the joys of home life. Merchants have engaged the services of specialists to produce artistic effects in the home and yet keep the cost a nominal one. The true value of furniture is enhanced or detracted from, according to the harmony it produces. Expensiveness is really a secondary matter, when one considers that the beauty of a masterpiece can only be shown to an advantage when it has a proper setting. Otherwise it is like a diamond on a drunken man—the individual beauty is apparent, but surrounding conditions are not in keeping with it. The rules of harmony demand that the wall fabrics, draperies and furniture blend in color. If a special made rug is used, the field or center should match the draperies and the border correspond with the furniture coverings. When an oriental rug is used, everything is subservient to its coloring. An understanding of the proper blending of colors is an art, and can only be acquired after years of study. What is termed as good taste, may in a large measure be a natural gift, but to be able to suggest a number of proper color schemes or to right inharmonious effects in a home requires technical training.

The inevitable passing of the Oriental rug is decried by many, yet there is a greater gain than loss by virtue of it. This is due to the fact that it is extremely difficult to harmonize the furnishings of the average better homes with its colorings. This is readily overcome when the rug is made to order. In this event, everything is planned to produce the desired effect. Since the European war stopped the supply of foreign wool and dyes, probably ninety-five per cent of fabrics have deteriorated in value, although having advanced in price. Some of the better known firms which had a large supply of wool and dyes, still produce rugs and fabrics which are guaranteed not to fade. Strange as it may seem, these are the only manufacturers who have maintained their former standard of excellence, without a change of price. This is simply a matter of farsightedness and business sagacity on their part, and it will prove to the public that certain lines of goods are always dependable. These men are willing to forego the temporary war gain, that their reputation for fair dealing may remain unchanged. The phenomenal advance in prices is a polite way



Chippendale gallery edge-tilt table



Italian lamp stand

of robbing the public, and the individual or firm who refrains from it will make the greater gain in the end. It is possible today to buy house furnishings at the same prices which prevailed before the outbreak of the war. When buying anything in this line—vigilance is the only thing which will save you from being defrauded, for war prices, as a rule, are not justified, except in a limited measure. The Italian lamp-stand in one of the accompanying cuts is a fine example of the wood-workers' art. It is so dignified, stable and graceful that one is easily enamored of its beauty. The design and carving are exhibitions of genius, and from a technical standpoint it represents a period replete with harmony, character and individuality. The Chippendale ribbon-back side chair is one of the finer specimens of the world's greatest furniture craftsmen. The original chair is in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. While the carving is ornate, yet the fineness of the lines suggest daintiness, grace and beauty which is made possible only through a masterful technique. The Chippendale gallery edge tilt table is another evidence of rare creative ability, in which intellectual power was the predominating characteristic of the artist. The William and Mary velvet wing chair represents comfortableness, as well as good lines, and would be a valuable acquisition to any home having appropriate surroundings.

All types of period furniture have pleasing qualities and their desirability is measured by individual taste. Indiscriminate mixing of various kinds—so long a custom, has been in a large measure corrected through education and a right sense of harmony. Persons of refinement are giving proper thought and attention to these important matters, which were considered of little consequence for many years, and the result is a pronounced improvement which will be more noticeable in the future. Some might call this a fad, but it is in no manner such, for it is only a part of one's education. It is quite as essential to be versed in the requirements of what constitutes a beautiful home, as it is to have a knowledge of mathematics, music or Latin. This matter is so important, that it can no longer be classed under the title of general information. On the contrary, it requires time and patience, and like anything which has a real value, there is no short road to its possession or attainment.

Parents should encourage their young folk to visit art galleries; and when an opportunity is offered to see valuable antiques or high class furniture of any kind, they should avail themselves of the opportunity. To have a knowledge of values is very important in this age, where so many articles are overpriced, although looking in what seems to be their apparent value. Many swindles are perpetrated daily because people have no knowledge of their purchases and the only safe way is to know values, without trusting to a stranger for advice.



Chippendale ribbon-back side chair



William and Mary velvet wing chair with hand embroidery applique

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"He applied his reading to his daily life, and the world became for him a richer, more exciting place in which to live. No one wants to plod through the world in a blind, sleepy fashion. We all want to live as keenly, as vitally as possible. The roots of the present are buried deep in the past—to appreciate and have understanding of the present you must appreciate and have understanding of the past—to realize how small and one-sided is your own point of view, you must appreciate the thousand and one viewpoints that have appeared through the ages to the eyes of other men and women."

THE following excerpt is from a letter received a short time since from one of the boys at the front. "Many thanks, Sis, dear, for the dandy box you sent me, and in the next budget can't you send another copy of *Buddy's Blighty*. It sure is the real stuff and the chap that wrote it must be a regular guy.

Certainly no praise could be more genuine than this and Lieut. Jack Turner, M. C., author of "*Buddy's Blighty and Other Verses From the Trenches*," should feel that he has lived to some purpose in having written a volume of poems which has made such a pronounced appeal to the boys "over there." His understanding of them, and their wants and needs, however, is not so remarkable when one realizes that he is one of them and "at one" with them.

Born and educated in St. Johns, Newfoundland, a civil engineer by profession, Lieut. Turner went to British Columbia in 1911. At the outbreak of the war he joined the Canadian Engineers at Vancouver and went to France with the 2nd Canadian Division, serving first as Brigade Signal Sergeant with the 6th Canadian Infantry Brigade (known as "the Iron Sixth") and was soon transferred to 14th Canadian Machine Gun Co. He was in practically all the actions in which the Sixth Brigade took part during his two years service at the front, where he was twice wounded. He received his commission as Lieutenant in 1916. He was awarded the Military Cross for service at the capture at Vinney Ridge in April, 1917, where it was said of him that he directed the guns of his own as well as several other officers' sections, thereby exposing himself fearlessly, almost recklessly, under heavy artillery and machine gun fire. In June, 1917, he was sent to a hospital in England, but his recovery proved so slow and difficult that later he was sent home to Newfoundland to recover from the effects of trench fever and gas so it is readily seen that "Lieut. Jack" is in a position to speak with authority.

His little book of verse is certainly full of the true spirit and cannot but prove both a joy and a help to both soldier and civilian. The range of subjects covers practically everything in the many-sided life of the fighting man as well as the "happenings, the emotions, the give and take, the tragedy and the comedy of soldiering." Take it by and large, it is, as our soldier boy puts it, "real stuff." Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

"COMES one with a song" in the person of Ian B. Grougton Holbrook. His volume of *poems*, (and we use the word advisedly), is called "*Children of Fancy*," and is a collection which gives in a marked degree a most satisfying value of workmanship, a love of art for art's sake, a quality of high seriousness and a capacity for poetry making rarely encountered. He is a master of the knowledge of classic beauty and has the wisdom of spiritual things. He makes one to feel that "In this dim world of clouding cares, we rarely know till widened eyes see white wings lessening up the skies, the angels with us unawares."

Also his work has both color and music. The note of the tragedy is oft recurrent but is never better and for the most part hope shines from

afar. There is an unusual element of evenness throughout the book, but, as is always the case with *genius* there are some bright particular bits of shining. "In Vain" and "Bitter Sweet" are soul cries. "The Sea Queen" is a conceit of exquisite fancy. The triumph of description lurks in "Auld Reekie," the poignant beauty of "Surrender" might be compared to Oscar Wilde's "E. Tenebris" which is praise indeed, and "The Little Princess" has almost the haunting quality of "The Blessed Damozel."

The cover design is the work of the author and has both art and beauty as well as originality. Beyond doubt the book is an acquisition to the world of Poetry. N. Arno'd Shaw, New York.

VERHAEREN is entering into his autumn, but his genius reminds us of his lines,

Oh, the last perfumes languidly inhaled
By a late flower in the lingering leaves!

In "The Evening Hours" he has visualized very concretely the loveliness of the philosophy of Rabbi Ben Ezra. Here is an old couple made beautiful by the caress of time, mellowed with a sentiment which does not cloy they are real people.

Draw your chair to mine
And stretch your hands to the hearth,
That I may see between your fingers
Shine the ancient flame * * *

Here they sit "with winter flowers laid across thin knees" and eat the crumbs of the bread of love. Or they wander at twilight in the garden by the silken waters, overlooking melancholy plains. Lilies in white pride nod to them, the red roofs of the village fade to the horizon, all is radiant with "the glory that belongs to simple things."

Again: one sees the white-haired chatelaine of the quiet cottage and hears the bunch of keys strike the drawer of the chest of wood. Her heart has become more simple and more sure, and she mothers him to repose. Yet the poet laments, and one can see a tear in his eye, as he kisses the part in her hair, silver with the benison of age, and remembers the old ardour of the other days. But this is the swan-song of earthly love already tinged with the perceptions of infinity. Verhaeren's last volume is a farewell to earth, filled with mute tenderness and a stalwart faith that love will survive unconquered. John Lane Co.,



LIEUTENANT JACK TURNER

AUTHOR OF "BUDDY'S BLIGHTY, AND OTHER VERSES FROM THE TRENCHES"

New York.

THE recognized literary exponent of German military ideals is at present Deputy-Chief of the German Imperial Staff at Berlin, and a lieutenant-general in the German army. His recent book, "Deductions From the World War," is a serviceable and matter-of-fact short treatise meant for the general reader. When newspaper and other critics began to dwell on the teachings it enforced—a deliberate continuation of German methods in the next war, to follow the present war—the censorship took fright and thought it best to confine the circulation to Germany. Few copies have crossed the frontier, but enough to furnish translators with material for editions in English and other languages. The Baron appears to be a fair-minded critic within his limits, and where he deals with his own subject technically his remarks are valuable. For instance, he concedes that mere acquisition of territory does not constitute victory; the armies of the enemy "in being" must be overwhelmed. This rule fits the present situation. Outside of these limits, wherever the moral element in civilization has to be considered, he is afflicted with the strange German stupidity. He still talks of a German soldiery "to whom brutality is alien"; condemns the proneness to brutality of the otherwise gifted French, the British coming close behind; and sees nothing in American life but "crass materialism." Only a thorough whipping will cure these Hun megalomaniacs. "Deductions

(Continued on page 26)

ROMANCE AND THE RED CROSS

BY ELLA LANE GUELLOW

REJUVENATION sometimes comes to houses as well as people—at least that is what seems to have happened to the old Thomas home at the corner of Jefferson and Figueroa streets. The old adobe, long familiar to the older Angeleno, is now occupied by the Jefferson P. T. A. Red Cross Auxiliary and is known as the Adobe Inn and Branch Shop.

Here of an afternoon gather maids and matrons as they did in the days of old Los Angeles, and the spirit of its former hospitality seems to have descended upon the old home. Built over a half century ago, the story of the Inn is one of the Southland romances; and the story of the place, from its beginning as a little adobe home, through its evolution as a social rendezvous of Los Angeles, its apparent deterioration into a boarding house, and finally its rehabilitation to its present patriotic status, is as interesting a story as any that the Red Cross has made possible.

As you step down the one step to enter the front hallway, you seem to have stepped out of the present into the past, so carefully has the old time atmosphere been preserved. The old fashioned knocker on the front door, the antique furniture, and the highly colored curtains all carry one's thoughts backward. Each room throughout the old home has its own fireplace, and beside the one in the tea room hangs a brass kettle, which boasts of over a hundred years of service. Nearby is a desk fashioned from a wash stand found in one of the rooms and which came to California "around the Horn" soon after the building of the home.

True to the southern idea the kitchen and dining room were separated from the main house. Later the two parts were connected by a glass enclosed piazza. These rooms are now used as a Red Cross work room and boys' workshop. In the workroom are remodeled and mended the garments given the auxiliary and later offered for sale in the branch shop, which is one of Red Cross activities centered in the old adobe. The boys' shop mends furniture and makes toys—also sold in the shop. A art needlework section provides for the more decorative side of life, and still another group of women take orders for plain sewing.

In the tea room auxiliary members in rainbow colored costumes and quaint caps serve you tea or cooling drinks, and you will notice that the tea cups match the hostesses' costumes.

One of the most popular of the Inn's attractions is the Saturday night dances given in the open air dancing pavilion built in the specious grounds. Here the bright music and moving feet recall more clearly than any of the Red Cross activities the old Spanish days of fiesta. And it is not hard to visualize in the shadows cast by the shaded lights the forms of dancers of other days, who, recalled by the music in its familiar setting have returned to give their sanction to the use of the old place, which having had its part in the making of a great city, is still able to "do its bit" towards the making of a better world.

CENSORING A BRITISH TRADITION

By E. H. CLOUGH

(In the San Diego Union)

BBRITISH military authorities have issued orders from headquarters denying to British-Canadian soldiers in uniform the privilege of drinking and dancing in public places.

Why dancing?

We can understand why the drink privilege is denied; our own soldiers are under that prohibitive rule; but why does the British military authority suppress the British soldier's inclination to trip the dreamy, to cavort the freaky fox hop, to revel semi-hilariously in the gyrations of the syncopated jazz? What has lovely woman done to the British soldier that this deprivation should be put upon her? Why has the war office of the British empire so stultified and virtually reversed one of the most treasured of the Kipling traditions: "Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay?" Why should the British soldier come back to Mandalay—if it were not to find a Burmah girl awaiting—"a sweeter, neater maiden, in a cleaner, greener land?"



RED CROSS LADIES AT THE ADOBE INN

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MRS. C. F. REIS, MISS MAE SRANZEN, MRS. J. D. TAYLOR

And still in accord with the romance of the British soldier as it is glamored in the picturesque and sometimes truthful recitals of the laureate of Britain's far-flung line—what shall we say of the British embargo on the dance habit of the British soldier as we return with undiminished delight to those pages where, in cynical mind, the comedies and tragedies of Simla are depicted; where the younger son was enmeshed by the lady with the shadowed past, while the band of the fusileers or the heavy dragoons conspired as an accomplice before the fact in waltz time and the rhythmic cadences that reminded him of the girl he left behind him—the love that was no more than half required?

What should we say if the same rule were imposed on our own soldiers? Suppose that the American soldier were set by military authority as a thing apart from the sweet young graduates and others who so dearly love the valor

we symbolize in the dusty brown of a warrior's habit? Surely, there is no harm in it. Our women are not all of the vampire species; and if they were, it is not alone in the dance that they would find a way to work their Circean wiles.

Moreover, is it not true that the British soldier danced on the eve of Waterloo? One of Britain's greatest poets has sung of Belgium's capital by night, where under Brunswick's proud banner, was gathered "her beauty and her chivalry"; where youth looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell; where the cry was, not "St. George and victory," but "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined!"

It is quite true, as a mere historian has told us, that this famous dance was the prelude to the tragedy that left George Osborne on the fatal field with a bullet hole in his head, while poor, widowed Amelia wept amid the clamor of triumph over Britain's greatest victory. But what would have been gained if the British war office had interdicted that death dance in Brussels more than a century ago?

SONNET

Sunset in Chamonix

Belle Cooper

Towards close of day I climbed to "Ruskin's Seat,"

A Titan-rock that looks o'er Chamonix.

Before me serrate crests, snow-clad, I see;

A ribbon strip of green lies at my feet;

In dimpling, flowered dales the white sheep bleat;

From nestling chalets circling smoke curls free;

The distant waterfalls drip melody,

And tinkling bells the witching charm complete.

One moment all the many-voiced vale

Is steeped in sunshine bright; the next, the peaks

Gleam lilac; dusky robes of evening trail;

Then all the sky is shot with rosy streaks;

Mont Blanc in crimson mantle kinglike stands,

The sovereign monarch of the Alpine lands.

The Swing

Come, let us hang with silken cords the swing.

Here is a crowd of madcaps, children, fairies fair.

Here they come romping, shouting, carolling.

Caps, hoods and bonnets hide their golden hair.

Here all the little girls of Walter Crane are seen.

Here are the babies of Kate Greenaway.

And here come joyous-flopping clowns of the queen,

And all of her falcon carriers and bowmen gay.

Here are the knights disguised and pretty misses,

Chatelaines and goose-girls dancing in a ring.

Blowing the roses of our songs and kisses,

Come, let us hang with silken cords the swing.

(Translated by William van Wyck.)

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

WHEN a commanding officer capitulates to General Dan Cupid, what chance has a subsidiary officer, a mere subaltern, to withstand the wily ambush of the clever little ally of Hymen. An announcement which has occasioned widespread interest is of the engagement of Captain Homer C. Poundstone, commanding officer of the United States Submarine Base at San Pedro, and ranking naval officer at the Los Angeles Harbor district, to Miss Helene Bon, daughter of Mrs. Marie Bon, of Piedmont. The wedding, in October, will culminate a pretty romance which had its beginning earlier in the summer, when Miss Bon came to the Southland to visit at the home of Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph A. Neilson in San Pedro. The first day of Miss Bon's arrival marked the introduction to Captain Poundstone, who heretofore has been regarded by his host of friends as an impervious bachelor. Following the arrival from the North of Miss Bon's mother, her sister, Miss Claire Bon, and her aunt, Mrs. Marie Cauche, a few weeks ago, she has been domiciled with them at the Bellbert Apartments in Long Beach. Miss Bon, who is a member of a prominent French family, is popular in the social circles of San Francisco, Oakland, formerly the family home place, and Piedmont. Captain Poundstone, who now resides at the Jonathan Club, is a West Virginia man, and a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He has won a splendid record and holds a distinguished place in Naval affairs, and it is more than probable that he will remain in command of the Submarine Base for the duration of the war. The wedding of Captain Poundstone and Miss Bon is planned for October and will be celebrated at the home of the bride-elect's mother in Piedmont. Following their marriage Captain Poundstone and his bride will make their home in Long Beach or San Pedro.

Miss Doris Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Vincent Collins, of 531 Shatto place, left Sunday morning for a trip East. She was accompanied by the mother and sister of her fiance, Mrs. M. C. Balguy and Miss Margery Balguy, of Santa Monica. The betrothal of Miss Collins to Ensign Corbin Balguy was announced early in June and at the time it was also said that the marriage would not take place until after the war. Miss Collins is president of the Patriotic League and has been instrumental in planning much of the war work which has been done by the younger set of girls here. Just before leaving Los Angeles, she was re-elected to the presidency of this important war organization. Miss Collins is also a member of the Junior War Work Council, there being only three other members in California. She plans while in the East to associate herself with the New York branch of the National War Work Council and familiarize herself with the war work that is being done by the young women. Ensign Corbin is at Annapolis and will finish the first of September, after which he will have a short furlough, before going into service. Miss Collins, with Ensign Corbin's mother and sister, will visit Annapolis and Washington en route to New York, and Miss Collins plans to return

about the last of October of the present year.

An interesting engagement to be announced was that of Miss Helen MacDonough, of San Francisco, to Mr. James Hickman Rollins, of Los Angeles. The news was told at a charmingly appointed tea, with which Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins and Mrs. Jefferson Wilcoxson, mother and sister of the bridegroom-elect, recently entertained at the home of Mrs. Rollins in Gramercy Place. The rooms were made attractive with a profusion of pink carnations combined with ferns. From the chandelier over the table was suspended a shower of pink hearts, the ribbons held by tiny doves. On the love missives were written the

cabled his parents of his safe arrival in France. Mrs. Jefferson F. Wilcoxson, who will be remembered as Miss Rosemary Rollins, who has been a guest at the home of her parents, will make her home with them indefinitely. Ensign Wilcoxson, who has been stationed at Newport, R. I., has been transferred to San Pedro and only arrived a few days ago. The two Rollins boys are in the navy and Ensign Wilcoxson is in the army.

An announcement, interesting to a host of Los Angeles friends, is of the engagement of Mr. Harry Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rogers, of 216 West Adams street, to Miss Florence Park, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Park, of Michigan. News of the betrothal was told at a prettily appointed luncheon given recently by Mrs. Rogers for a number of her friends. There has been no date named for the wedding. Mr. Rogers, the bridegroom-elect, will be the last of three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers to join the ranks of the benedicts, Mr. Loring Rogers and Mr. Charles Rogers both having married. The latter was married last winter to Miss Sue Ward, one of the popular members of the younger set in Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers' daughter, formerly Miss Dora Rogers, is now Mrs. Irving Augur, and her visits home are always made the occasion for many delightful social affairs given by her many friends here. Mr. Harry Rogers, like his brother, Mr. Charles Rogers, the well known tennis player, has achieved considerable distinction as an athlete, during his high school days in Los Angeles, and later while at the University of California. He is now in Washington, where he is engaged in work in the ordnance department. News of his approaching wedding will be received with much interest here, where the family is prominent among the pioneers of Los Angeles.

Miss Corinne Eisenmeyer, of 3734 San Rafael, was a charming hostess last Thursday, entertaining with a luncheon, in honor of Miss Doris Collins, who left last Sunday morning for the East. The table was centered with a pretty arrangement of pink and blue flowers, asters and larkspur being used. Besides the guest of honor others who enjoyed Miss Eisenmeyer's hospitality were Mrs. George Whiting, (Miss Mildred Welborn), Miss Louise Forve, Miss Olga Simpson, Miss Rachel Ward, Miss Florence Marsh, Miss Julia Hayward and Miss Agnes Eisenmeyer. Several other pretty informal courtesies were extended Miss Collins before she left, last Sunday.

Of interest to the social set in Hollywood was the marriage of Miss Hazel Estella Chandler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hartwell Chandler, of 1725 Cherokee avenue, Hollywood, to Mr. John Beecher, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, the Rev. J. H. Lash, of the First Congregational church, officiating. The bride was attractive in her gown of pussy-willow taffeta and Georgette crepe, with a pink picture hat and carrying a bouquet of Cecile Brunner roses. Winsome Allene Pelton, in a dainty frock of white net attended the bride as flower girl. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride and later a dinner was



G. Edwin Williams

MISS FRANCES MERRILLE

ATTRACTIVE VISITOR FROM SAN FRANCISCO, WHO HAS BEEN ENJOYING A SUMMER'S SOJOURN AT LONG BEACH, PARTICIPATING IN ALL THE SMART AFFAIRS OF THE BEACH CITY

names of Miss MacDonough and Mr. Rollins. Miss MacDonough formerly lived in Los Angeles but for the last year has made her home with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Riddell in San Francisco. She is a charming Southern girl and received her education in a fashionable school at Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Rollins is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins and one of the most popular members of the younger set in Los Angeles. Mr. Rollins, who is in the navy, was until quite recently stationed in San Francisco. He has been transferred to San Pedro, but expects to be ordered East at an early date. No date has been named as yet for the wedding. The Rollins family are most patriotic, having given two of their sons to the service. Lieutenant Hamilton Bowman Rollins, Jr., is with the Three Hundred and Forty-sixth Machine Gun Battalion, and on the staff of Major Endicott, only recently

given in compliment to the bride and bridegroom by Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Pelton at the California Club. Mrs. Beecher is a popular Hollywood girl and after an automobile honeymoon trip Mr. Beecher and his bride will return to Los Angeles to make their home, where both young people have a host of friends.

Miss Susanne Marie Joyce, whose engagement to Mr. Howard Winthrop Spear, of Seattle, was recently announced, has been the inspiration for any number of pretty social affairs. Mrs. Harlan G. Palmer entertained with a tea and theater party, Mme. Dorothy de la Plate complimented Miss Joyce with a shower party, Mrs. Roy H. Cowper and Mrs. J. C. Jessen were hostesses at a luncheon, and Miss Lulu Beall Beattie entertained with a shower. The marriage of Miss Joyce and Mr. Spear will probably take place early this fall, and be celebrated in Seattle, Miss Joyce and her mother planning to go North ere long. Mr. Spear has volunteered for active service and the date of the wedding depends somewhat upon the future plans of the bridegroom-elect.

Corporal Charles Rivers Drake, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jean Gerard Drake, and grandson of Col. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, of Long Beach, has been passing a ten days' furlough here, visiting with his family before he is sent to France. Corporal Drake, who is of Troop F of the United States First Cavalry, stationed at Fort Douglas, is one of the youngest volunteers in the service, having enlisted immediately following the declaration of war, at which time he was only seventeen years old. Corporal Drake, in this regard, but follows the precedence set by his grandfather, Col. Drake, who, at the same youthful age, fought in the Civil War.

Mrs. H. L. Whitley, with her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Widenham, and the latter's two small children, Miss Margy and Billy Widenham, have returned from a two months' visit at Seattle and Loon Lake, Washington, where they were the guests of Mrs. Whitley's sister. While North they also visited in Portland and Spokane, where they received many social courtesies. In honor of Mrs. Whitley, Mrs. George W. Beck, of 1448 Alvarado Terrace, entertained with a musical tea at her home recently. Pink carnations, roses and purple asters were prettily combined in the decorations of the music room and goldenrod and marigold were used in the dining room. During the afternoon Mrs. Whitley entertained the guests with readings, accompanied on the piano by the hostess and Mrs. Frank Phillips contributed to the pleasure of the guests in rendering several beautiful vocal selections. Mrs. Whitley will make her home at the Alexandria Hotel, temporarily.

One of the pleasing surprises to the younger social set was the announcement of the betrothal of Miss Cecile Call to Mr. Leon Dean Godshall, which was recently made known at a charming tea given by Mrs. Joseph H. Call, of 1033 Beacon street, a few days ago. Miss Call, who is one of the popular members of the younger social set, is also extremely interested in war work. Mr. Godshall is the son of Mr. and Mrs.

L. D. Godshall, of 3892 Sunset place, and is enlisted with the medical reserve corps, having completed his medical course at the University of California. The wedding of the young people will take place in the gardens of the bride-elect's parents home, September 11, and will be quiet and simple in its arrangements.

CLINE WILL BE RE-ELECTED

WITH the primary election only a few days off, all indications throughout the county are that Sheriff John C. Cline will be returned to office on Tuesday. Reports from all parts of Los Angeles show that the people are reluctant at this time to make any change in the sheriff's office, especially in view of the splendid record which Mr. Cline has set since he took office in 1915.

Despite the fact that there are four aspirants for the office in the field against Sheriff Cline, there is a strong probability that he will poll more ballots than their combined vote. Men and women throughout the county, who have taken an active part in every movement tending toward civic betterment, are almost unanimous in the sentiment that Sheriff Cline should be retained in office.

Since the advent of the United States into the world war the duties of the sheriff's office have greatly increased. Sheriff Cline has not only entered heartily into this co-operation with the national government, but he has created in his own office an organization that is sufficiently powerful to protect the county in any emergency. He has sworn in many special deputy sheriffs and in addition has fostered the work that is being done by the Fremont and Foothill battalions and other home guard units which are fully equipped for active service.

All branches of labor have indorsed Sheriff Cline's candidacy. In all his private and public relations with industrial workers Sheriff Cline has added to his popularity and they are among the most enthusiastic supporters he has in his campaign for re-election.

M. I. GROSSMAN FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

M. I. Grossman is one of the popular attorneys of Los Angeles.

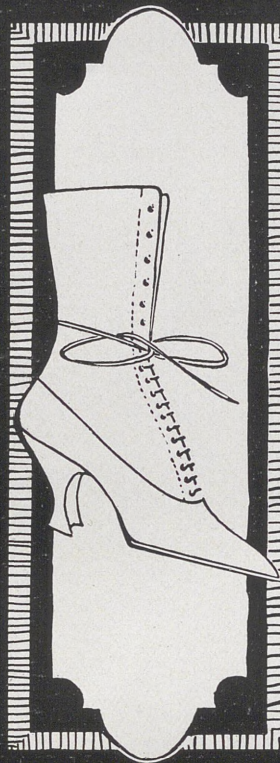
He is a candidate for justice of the peace, and as such is proving the number of friends who are advocating his election. The motto of his profession, "Promptness and Efficiency," is the one which he proposes to carry into his official position, if elected, he says.

He has been a resident of this city a good many years, and has worked his way to his present place by indefatigable effort and energy.

In many cases, where people were poor and unable to pay fees, he rendered his services in his legal capacity which are counted in the list of good deeds.

Many of his friends who are advocating his election now are those whom he made through courtesies extended in other days. Though a lawyer, with a keen eye and the proverbial hard-headedness of his profession, he has done countless things for other people, without charge.

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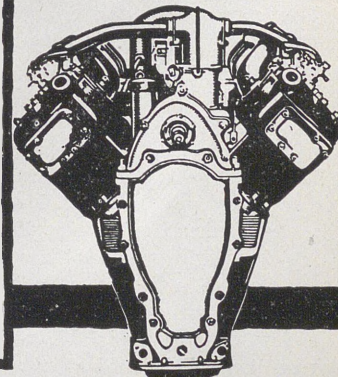
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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

A WEDDING of interest both in the East and West, was that of Miss Gladys Consuelo Butler, daughter of Mrs. J. Albert Butler, of Boston, and Lieutenant Claude B. Mickelwait, of Twin Falls, Idaho, which was celebrated a fortnight ago at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in San Diego. The wedding was marked by extreme simplicity, only the bride's mother and sister, Mrs. D. M. Kennedy, of South Wilton place, Los Angeles, and a few close friends, witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Dr. Barnes, rector of the church. The bride in a dainty frock of white organdie with picture hat of white was unattended. The bride, accompanied by her mother, has traveled extensively, passing several years in the Orient. She is a graduate of the McDuffie School for Girls at Springfield, and later passed a year in Paris under a private tutor taking a linguistic course. For the last year she has with her mother been making her home in San Diego. Lieutenant Mickelwait trained at the Presidio, where he received his commission and is now stationed at San Diego, with the Twenty-first Infantry at Camp Tulliaferro. Following a brief honeymoon trip Lieutenant Mickelwait and his bride will return to San Diego, he to rejoin his company, while awaiting orders to go overseas and Mrs. Mickelwait to reside in San Diego to be near her husband.

Mrs. William Martin Shepard and little son, of San Francisco, are visiting in Hollywood. Miss Mary La Grange recently complimented Mrs. Shepard with a pretty tea given at the Alexandria. Mrs. Shepard was formerly a Hollywood girl, being Miss Alice Briggs, before her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gottschalk, of 933 Fedora street, entertained with a dinner and theater party recently, the guest of honor being Mr. Harold Bell Wright.

Mrs. Clarence Upson Young left for the East a few days ago for Princeton, where she will be at home at the Peacock Inn. Mr. Young, who was for a time in the aviation service, stationed at San Antonio, is taking a special three months course of training at Princeton University. Mrs. Young was formerly Miss Mary Alden Robertson, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Robertson, of 1581 West Adams street. Mr. Young is the son of Attorney and Mrs. Robert Young of Hollywood. Their wedding at St. Matthias Church last March was an event of the early spring. Mrs. Young will visit relatives and friends while in the East and will probably return to Los Angeles late in the winter.

A pretty wedding of today will be that of Miss Louise Nichols and Mr. Edmund Bohan, which is to be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents in North Normandie avenue, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with Rev. Mrs. Margaret C. LaGrange, pastor of the Emerson New Thought church, reading the service. The bride will wear a becoming gown of white Georgette crepe and be unattended. The ceremony will be witnessed by relatives and a few close friends. Following the wedding, a reception will be held after which Mr. Bohan and his bride will leave by motor for an extended trip to Lake Tahoe, San Francisco and the Yosemite. They will make their home in Los Angeles. The

bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nichols of 939 North Normandie avenue, and has a large circle of friends, who have complimented her with many prenuptial affairs.

It is with great regret that the many friends of Mrs. John Percival Jones have learned of her intention to desert Los Angeles for the winter and take up her residence in New York City. Mrs. Jones has already secured a house there and plans to leave shortly for the East. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Robert Farquhar, and her children, of Santa Monica, and also Mrs. Daisy Hill. Mr. Farquhar left Los Angeles the first of this month for New York, intending to go on to Italy to serve there with the American Red Cross.



MRS. LOUIS J. WILDE AND DAUGHTER
MAYOR LOUIS J. WILDE AND HIS CHARMING WIFE AND DAUGHTER ARE NOW
LIVING AT THE U. S. GRANT HOTEL IN SAN DIEGO

Popular visitors in Southern California this summer are Judge and Mrs. Arba Van Valkenburg, of Kansas City, Mo., who are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Seitz at their beautiful ranch home, Sycamore Lodge, on Lark Ellen street, Covina. Judge and Mrs. Van Valkenburg visited here last summer and were so delighted with California that they decided to return this season. Judge Van Valkenburg has been sitting on the district bench for twenty years in Kansas City. Mrs. Van Valkenburg is prominent socially in her home city. The Van Valkenburgs will visit other points of interest in Southern California during their visit.

Mrs. T. A. O'Donnell and her daughters, Miss Ruth and Miss Doris, have gone to San Francisco where they plan to pass a month as guests at the Fairmont. Mr. and Mrs. George Grimm are enjoying a trip to Bear Lake. Mrs. Grimm was formerly Miss Geraldine Grady, and a bride of last year. Mrs. Gordon Felts, who has been visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M.

Carpenter, of 1722 Wilcox avenue, Hollywood, for the past month, left a week or so ago for Panama, by way of New Orleans, where she will join her husband, Ensign Felts. Mrs. Wedgewood of Oakland, wife of Lieutenant Wedgewood, accompanied Mrs. Felts. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Dickenson, of the Palisades, Santa Monica, are enjoying the Yosemite, after a delightful trip to Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Medbury, Mrs. Cora Medbury and Miss Medbury are enjoying a motor trip through the Yosemite. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Penniwell and their son, Mr. Amory Penniwell, are passing their vacation at Camp Curry. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Hellman and their small family are passing the season at Long Beach.

Of much interest to society in Pasadena was the marriage of Rev. John Gilbert Blue, assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, and Mrs. Julia Ford Bundy, which was solemnized a few days ago at the church of which the bridegroom is assistant pastor, with the Rev. Robert Freeman, pastor of the church, reading the service. Only members of the bride's family witnessed the ceremony. Mrs. Blue was the widow of the late Mr. H. E. Bundy, and has a beautiful home on Oakland avenue, in Pasadena. Rev. Blue and his bride left soon after the ceremony for a motoring trip, after which they will make their home in Pasadena.

The many friends of Mrs. A. J. Pernotte are planning a round of pretty affairs in her honor while she and Mr. Pernotte are visiting in Los Angeles. Mrs. Pernotte, will be remembered as Mrs. Marguerite Buckler Stevenson, who was the house guest last winter of Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth. The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Pernotte was celebrated a few weeks ago in New York. Mr. Pernotte is a banker with interests in Peking and Paris and they will divide their time between the Orient, Paris and the United States. Mrs. Pernotte is a talented musician, her voice having been heard in concert here and as a grand opera soloist. Mrs. Margaret Buckler, mother of Mrs. Pernotte, and the latter's young daughter, are passing the season at Long Beach, having recently arrived in California.

Mrs. Gordon W. Wattles of Omaha and a recent bride, who is passing a few weeks at her summer home in Hollywood, is being charmingly entertained. Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgway, of 2621 Menlo avenue, were joint hostesses at a theater party, followed by tea at the Alexandria recently, in compliment to Mrs. Wattles. Mrs. J. F. Mead, of Hollywood boulevard, gave a pretty luncheon in her honor, other guests including, Mrs. Clyde Eastman, Mrs. Edwin O. Palmer, Mrs. William M. Shepard, Mrs. William Briggs, and Mrs. George F. Bidwell. Mrs. Wattles plans to remain in her Hollywood home until some time in September.

Miss Constance Crawley left last week for San Francisco. She will stop at Santa Barbara for a few days, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Ritchie. Before leaving Los Angeles, Miss Crawley was the complimented guest at several pretty affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacDonald of West Adams street, entertained with a farewell dinner in her honor, and Mrs. John Kahn, of 2211 Hobart

boulevard, also gave a dinner in honor of Miss Crawley.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Busch announce the engagement of their accomplished daughter Amy Busch, to Van Buren Jarvis, U. S. N. The engagement came as a surprise to Miss Busch's many friends at an afternoon tea given today. The favors were small French bouquets with the names of the guests inscribed on the ribbons. Mr. Jarvis, who is a resident of Rutland, Vt., is a graduate of Princeton University and has been in the service for more than a year. No definite date has been announced for the wedding and it will not be known until Mr. Jarvis receives his commission and furlough which, however, is expected soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Orra E. Monnette are leaving this evening for Seattle, where they will enjoy a month's sojourn. They plan also to make an excursion northward into Alaska, sailing on the Steamer Alaska for Skagway, Cordova and Anchorage. They will return home Sept. 20th.

The following announcements have been received in Southern California this week, and are of especial interest, in club and college circles. "Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller of Long Beach, California, announces the engagement of her daughter Susan Ruth, to Mr. Carl Erling Hoard of Seattle, Washington, Lieutenant in the United States Navy, New York City, July 17th, Nineteen Hundred Eighteen." The Millers are spending the season in New York City, having taken a beautiful suite at One Hundred Central Park South, so that Mrs. Miller may be nearer the seat of her government activities. Miss Miller is a graduate of the Polytechnic High School of Long Beach, and has been a student for the past year at the University of Oregon at Eugene. She is Pi Beta Phi, and very popular in musical and art circles, in which studies she majored. Miss Miller is well known as a harpist and interpretive dancer, many a charity having reaped a profit by her generosity of her talents. At the close of the school year, Miss Miller joined her mother in New York City, where she has taken an active part in the Social Welfare work. Lieut. Hoard is a graduate of the Seattle High School and the class of 1913 of Annapolis, he has bars for service in the Mexican campaign, and has just been promoted. The wedding will take place in the early autumn unless as the Navy say "C'est l'Guerr," and it should rule otherwise. Miss Miller is being feted by the Navy set, and the college set of New York, and on several occasions the parties have been joined by some Californian who is "passing through" for Over There, which event is always hailed joyfully by the Millers who are ever loyal to California. After the wedding, the bride will join her husband at port and Mrs. Miller will remain in New York where she will continue her War work which she has given her life to, since the death of her husband in 1915 in Long Beach.



THOS. LEE WOOLWINE

WHEN Thomas Lee Woolwine, District Attorney of Los Angeles County, left for San Francisco to conclude his campaign in the North, his supporters here were satisfied that he had a big edge as against his opponents for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

Since Woolwine announced his candidacy early in the spring, he has traversed practically every county in the state, and splendid receptions have been accorded him all along the line. In forty of the fifty-eight counties of California, the Democratic Central Committees are practically a unit in support of the energetic Woolwine.

The Southern candidate is considered by these Democrats as the only real Democrat in the field, and therefore is entitled to be their standard bearer in the forthcoming campaign.

There is no denying the fact that Woolwine's popularity has been given substantial impetus during the past few weeks by an aggressive and clear-cut speaking campaign. This is attested by tremendous audiences all over the state.

Thomas Lee Woolwine, at forty-four, is in the prime of a career fraught with unusual energy. Since the trial of the dynamite conspirators, which entailed months of preparation, and a subsequent prosecution of food profiteers, Woolwine is known from Coast to Coast as the "militant District Attorney of Los Angeles County." And with his aggressiveness is blended a degree of humane consciousness which has gained for him the confidence of his community, as evidenced by a majority of 53,000 votes when he was re-elected as District Attorney in 1916.

Thomas Lee Woolwine's campaign will reach its climax in Los Angeles on Friday evening, August 3rd, at Trinity Auditorium, which will be his last big meeting before the primary election Tuesday, August 27th.

Since he began his speech-making tour six weeks ago, he has made approximately 175 speeches, and has covered

(Continued on page 21)

Newest Sweaters

The newest sweaters are here for your inspection. Smart Fishtail Slip on and New Tuxedo Fronts. Of wool or silk and in plain and fancy weaves. Popular prices.

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W. FRANCIS GATES

THE young woman who is shown on this page is blessed not only with good looks, but with great musical skill and with what is more rare, with unusual perseverance. There have been good looking girls who have made noted musicians, for example, Maud Powell, Myrtle Eivyn and Olga Steeb; the number is not great. But even among those of pulchritudinous charm, few have had to make the fight for their skill that Miss Zoellner made for hers. Lying on a bed in a hospital for five years would knock the aspirations out of most people, but it simply developed hers. In this position she practiced her violin under her father's instructions during all these years, an example of artistic perseverance almost unequalled in the musical world. As a result, she is the leading player of a quartet which is known throughout the country as one of its prime exponents of chamber music.

The first violin is the controlling spirit of the *ensemble* and a player of weak or uncertain personality could not lead such an organization to artistic victory. That this quartet has made a national reputation is sufficient comment on the virility of Miss Zoellner's work under her father's tuition, he contenting himself with being the father, instructor and director of the quartet.

AN OPEN LETTER TO HENRY L. HIGGINSON, ESQ., BOSTON, MASS.:

Dear Sir:—Noticing in the press dispatches that you have become so disgusted with the criticisms directed against the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that you have retired from the position of its financial backer, we venture to call your attention to the excellent climate Los Angeles offers for a person of your unique musical and financial disposition. Our welcome would be no less because you have reached the ripe age of 84 and we feel certain that our salubrious climate, free from musical animosities, would do much to prolong your years beyond a hundred.

We send you this invitation, Mr. Higginson, in the full knowledge of what your removal would mean to Boston. When, in 1881, thirty-seven years ago, you founded the Boston Symphony orchestra, with George Henschel as its first conductor, you placed Boston at the head of all cities of America in a musical sense. No orchestra in this country has touched the unique mark set by that organization, and it is to you that its very existence from year to year was due. For, from the very first, you paid its annual deficits. And we suspect your noble interest in the music of your city has thus cost you half a million dollars.

Not only does your own city (a part of it) realize what you have done for the music of this country, but even this Western coast joined from the very first in acclaiming your deeds. At the beginning a newspaper on this Coast exclaimed, "O, for a few such men in our midst." We could name but half a dozen of our wealthy citizens who would not feel a pang at the paltry loss of a few hundred dollars, yet you assumed this expenditure for over a third of a century!

Now, Mr. Higginson, we still are looking for your counterpart. We have tried, here in Los Angeles, to seduce him into the open by holding out an orchestral bouquet for a score of years. But still no such individual as yourself has appeared. A few musically ardent individuals have financed our orchestra to a modest extent. Fifteen years did Harley Hamilton do his best and with much personal sacrifice, conduct the series of symphony concerts. Five years has Adolf Tandler wielded his more picturesque baton. L. E. Behymer, J. T. Fitzgerald and F. W. Blanchard have done their best to charm forth the wary dollar of the multi-millionaire with one hand and extend a half-rate ticket to a poor music student with the other. The orchestra association, the associate members and the contributors have given to the guarantee fund in various sums, from \$3,000 down to \$10. We even have given a "line 'o type" to persons who have donated the smaller sum of the two, so eager were we to keep up an orchestra. We have all praise for those who donated sums *in proportion to their wealth*; but, as a fact, Mr. Higginson, we are sadly in need of a Higginson.

With all the managerial microscopes directed to plots of ground where financial angels might be interred, they still have been unable to dig up an angel. What we need, Mr. Higginson, is not one with a few pin feathers, but a well upholstered, downy bird with a wide stretch of wing, such as, permit us to say, you have been to the Boston orchestra. We have two or three thousand of your fellow soldiers of the civil war close at hand, though none of them could do for our Symphony orchestra what you could.

And another thing, Mr. Higginson; even should you be a bit hardened at what some foolish persons have said about you in the Muck connection and decline to continue your liberal musical benefactions, we need you to tell our own many millionaires how it feels to do good with their money. You have builded an intangible yet permanent monument for yourself. Nowhere will people think of Boston but they think of its music; nowhere, of its music but of its symphony orchestra; nowhere, of its orchestra but of Henry Lee Higginson. Our millionaires think only of the size of their land tracts, the circulation of their newspapers, of how long before their deaths they must make over their fortunes to their heirs in order to escape the inheritance tax. Not even do they (with one exception) endow museums or erect colossal mausoleums. We are still in the sandstone age.

We need you, Mr. Higginson, to run a school for millionaires, in which the primary study shall be "unselfishness," the secondary, "civic good," and the graduation thesis begin with "I hereby give to the City of Los Angeles." We need you to show them that it does not mean worry, sorrow and ruin to give large sums to the artistic betterment of one's own city. On the contrary, that such generosity, or repayment, means a broader and deeper enjoyment in life, a living of one's own monument, so to speak.

Come and show them that the joy of creating and supporting a great orchestra gives one a joy far beyond that of feeling that there are more deeds or mortgages in the strong box. One of our great men has shown the way as to the art gallery, but none have found the musical path.

And again, Mr. Higginson, we give you this invitation to come to Los Angeles that you may say to the few, "Well done; you have carried the load as best you knew how, in spite of the apathy of your richer and uninterested neighbors. Now we will put them to shame and will create a real orchestra; we will use our best local men and bring thirty more of the best orchestral players in the country; we will secure a great library of music and we will have a dozen rehearsals before each concert and will pay the men annual salaries so their time is at the disposal of the orchestra. We will keep the seat prices at moderate figures and we will actually popularize symphony music. We will make of Los Angeles another Boston, but a Boston to live in, not to catch in."

That's the kind of a talk we want you to give us, Mr. Higginson. If the other fellows won't put up such a monument for themselves, why, put up a twin for yourself. Los Angeles is a good place to plant it. Come on, Mr. Higginson, be a good fellow. It will make you feel like you were forty instead of eighty.



ANTOINETTE ZOELLNER
FIRST VIOLINIST OF ZOELLNER QUARTET

AGAIN local exemption boards will have the call over music teachers, students, orchestra and band musicians, who have been placed in deferred draft classification.

These classes may be lumped in with waiters, bar-tenders, and ushers, and must seek some "useful occupation" or may be sent to the army, unless the local board decides that they have useful occupations.

It is to be expected that interpretation of music as a study or business will vary. Some boards class music as Pershing does and others class it as a useless noise and musicians as loafers.

There is no certainty that a board is composed of men of education; they may have no sympathy with any form of art. Here in Southern California, musicians have been forced to take up pick and shovel and give up their music.

The "Work or Fight" order exempts "actual performers in legitimate concerts, operas or theatrical performances." A musician may be patriotic playing every week, and not be a performer in "concert or opera." A music student may work hard every day at his studies, with no chance to play in concerts or orchestras for year.

Will the local boards decide these men are engaged in "useful occupation" or will they be compelled—with the ushers, waiters, clerks, and elevator operators—to seek work in factories, mines or farms?

A music teacher, though exempted by having a dependent family, may be taken from his work and put at a \$2.00 a day job with hammer or shovel, because his particular local board has no sympathy with music. A neighboring board may be more broadminded, giving an opening for much hard feeling.

Every man of draft age in the mentioned classes depends on the whim of his local board as to whether he may continue his musical occupation.

THE NEW HATH CHARMS

(Continued from page 9)

rocks of Capri, being woven in many tones of green so effectively that one seems to feel the coolness and quiet of the atmosphere.

Still another, is Kronburg Palace, or Hamlet's Castle, in the Town of Elsinore, Denmark, the reflection of which is seen in the water below so sheneingly that it seems to move beneath one's gaze.

A bit of country road lined with tall trees whose turning leaves, brilliant with the rays of the setting sun, and imaged in the silver stream below, is as exquisite in color and design as a perfect poem.

The name of this much aforesaid new art is Urdahl Art Filliare, named for its originator, Mrs. Urdahl Smith, the modern Penelope, "who has bethought herself of a new artifice" and has undertaken to weave these dainty, miniature creations as delicate, as beautiful and as lovely as a dream.

The Urdahl Art Filliare is as yet not particularly well known even to art lovers, as Mrs. Smith has put forth but little effort to properly bring her work before the public, probably because she is interested in many things and not obsessed by one, as is the case with most artists. She is a great lover of nature her god being, one might venture to say, the God of the Open Air. She is an accomplished horsewoman and unusually proficient in all athletic sports which, however, does not lessen her keen womanly appreciation of the gentle things of life nor rob her of any of the finenesses of femininity. She has high hopes for her young art child, and unquestionably its future will be a brilliant one. She is the sort of person who feels that it is not enough for a work of art to be formed to the aesthetic demands of the age, there should be also about it, if it is to give permanent pleasure, the impress of a distinct individuality, and this she gives to all her work. She feels that art is limited to nothing short of the infinite, that it is also ageless and agrees with Whistler, that "art and joy go together with bold openness and high head and ready hand, fearing naught and dreading no exposure. That your own instinct is near the truth, your own wit far surer guide than the untaught ventures of thick-heeled Apollos."

Mrs. Smith is a person of parts and an artist of rare ability; her studies have covered many years both in this country and Italy, London and Paris. While in Italy she did many canvasses and several pieces of sculpture, which were recognized and commented upon by noted critics. The Art Filliare is her latest offspring, and still quite an infant, having been born scarcely two years ago. Her explanation of its existence is that it "happened," but it seems to have been the result of her determination to originate and execute something entirely new and unique by combining the different phases of her various lines of art.

Mr. William Coulter, an artist of international fame, (of whose remarkable studio at Sausalito we have heard so much) is extravagant in his praises of Art Filliare and predicts for Mrs. Smith both fame and fortune. There have been many lectures delivered by

well known people on the art and one picture of the collection has been in the Palace of Fine Arts for the past year.

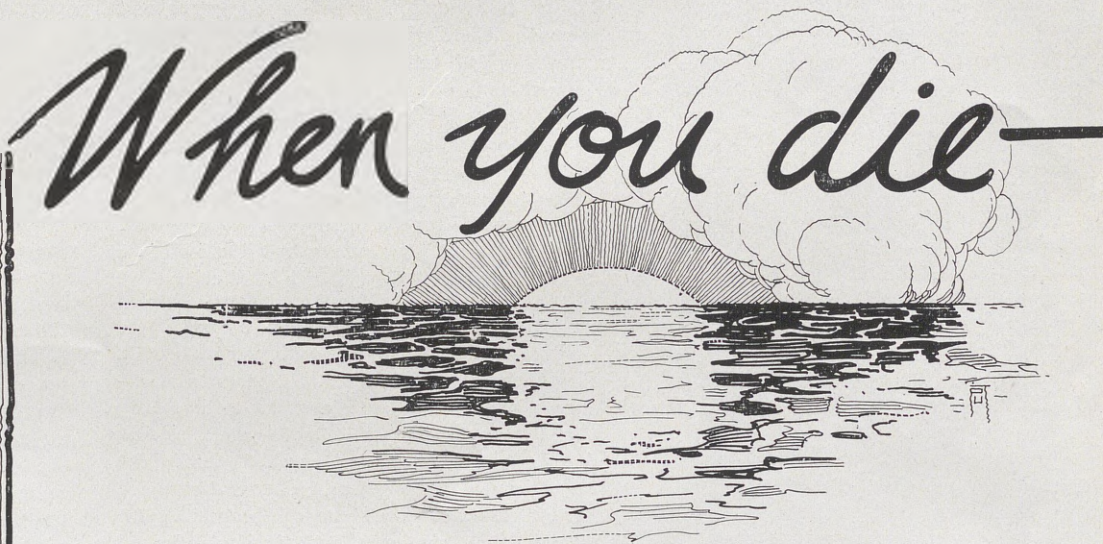
Mrs. Smith, who is a member of the old and well known Urdahl family of Seattle, Washington, is visiting in Los Angeles, where she has many friends, who hope to claim her for several weeks. Unfortunately, she is at present somewhat under cover as the strain from the necessity of working constantly with the aid of the strongest jeweler's glass—it being impossible to produce such delicate work in any other manner—has temporarily affected her eyes.

Such, however, seems to be the common fate of super-people; to give to the world the worth while, the unusual, or the beautiful, is to bring suffering to the artist. But

"Have little care that time is brief
Nor yet that art is long,
Success is in the silences
Though fame is in the song."

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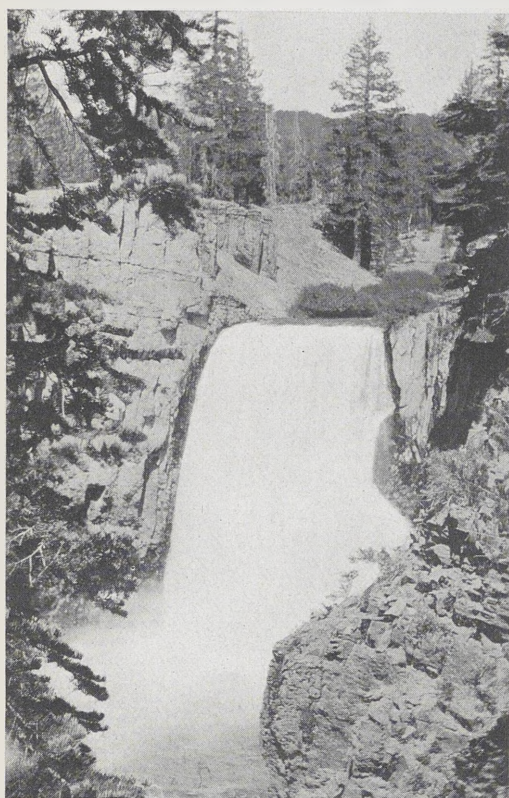
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CONCERNING YOUR AUTOMOBILE

By H. M. BUNCE



RAINBOW FALLS

ON MIDDLE FORK OF THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER

AFTER the war—what? Just talk to an automobile manufacturer or to a distributor who is keeping in touch with world events and you will undoubtedly see their faces light up with enthusiasm as they look into the future, for they know that the United States will be the nation that will be called upon to supply the world with automotive products of almost all kinds and descriptions—and that it will be in a position to do so. It will have the facilities for manufacturing and the shipping to carry these products to all quarters of the globe.

Plants that have been doubled and trebled since the war started and plants that have since been erected and which are now in process of building and those which have been planned and work upon which is scheduled to begin as soon as the material can be got together, will be available after the struggle is over and the labor of rehabilitation and progress begins.

There are those who question what will be done with all the soldiers who return after the war? What work can be found for them when older men and women have taken their places? Those whose perspective is big enough to take in the future wave such questions aside with a smile or with impatience, and reply that all will be rapidly absorbed and that then more modern methods of manufacture will have to be devised to meet world demands. We should worry about jobs after the war.

And all this brings to mind that Los Angeles has got to be really awake to the possibilities that already present themselves. The overseas trade with the Orient, Russia, the Antipodes and with South America will be stupendous. We are manufacturing trucks here and successfully—why not automobiles? Aggressive methods, co-operation and capital can accomplish many things. These are winning the war for democracy and they can

ANNOUNCEMENT from Washington, conveyed by press dispatches, that beginning next January 1, all automobile plants considered desirable by the government must be devoted to war work, has naturally caused a feeling of depression on

automobile row. That the announcement was somewhat premature is made evident by the fact that a conference has been arranged between the War Industries Board and the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce and the National Automobile Dealers Association to be held at an early date in Washington when the subject of automobile production is to be definitely settled for the period of the war—that is, as near as it can be.

Although the dealers—one and all—want to do everything in their power to help win the war, they feel that to absolutely throttle such an important industry—the third largest in the United States—is not a good wartime policy. Whereas the factories will be able to maintain in considerable measure their organizations, the dealers as a mass, must go out of business, and consequently immense sums be lost, in their opinion. As a result, automatically thousands upon thousands of buildings, many of which are not fitted for any other purpose unless almost entirely reconstructed, will be vacant. However, they smile and say “We’re for it, if it is necessary.” And that’s the spirit which will win the war.

However, there is a feeling that the situation will right itself and that radical measures will be averted. There is no doubt that the country can for a period get along without new cars by working those now in use overtime. This of course, means more rapid deterioration and as cars go out of service business efficiency is correspondingly impaired. The government needs vast amounts of steel and so does the country at large, but the nation’s capacity for production is so great that it is believed by many that ere long there will be an overproduction of this material. We hope so.

A NEW car in England is a rare sight these days unless it be in government service. Used cars there, many of them of American manufacture, when offered for sale and providing they are in fair condition, bring more than the new models do in this country. A recent issue of “The Motor,” devoted as its title implies to the world of motors and considered one of the best in the British Empire, carries a list of classified used car advertisements that are illuminating in car values. Models of certain American made cars dating back to 1914 are offered for sale at what would be considered fabulous prices over here.

THE views shown on this page were obtained in the High Sierras by Roy R. Meads, president of the Pacific Rubber Company, distributor of Horseshoe tires, while on an outing trip through that wonderfully scenic country last month. Meads and his party went into the Yosemite through the Owens River valley and over the scenic Tioga road. He declares if motorists of Southern California were aware of what that country holds in the way of scenery and fishing as well as hunting, that it would be the most popular for tourists in all the state.

ECONOMY is being shouted at the people from so many sides in these days that they are becoming indifferent to the various pleas to save money. Behind these pleas are often found motives which mean profits for the person doing the shouting. But there are other economy calls which really have genuine merit.

“In the automobile business every one is calling to the public to save in some way or the other,” said George R. Bentel. “There are devices for adding mileage, there are columns of advice on the saving of tires and there are timely warnings on the proper methods of driving.

“But there is one old stand-by which is just as good today as it was years ago. That is—paint.

The needs of painting the motor car in these days are even greater than they were in the ‘good old days.’ The motor car must go further and do more for the same money. One of the first preservatives is paint.

“This is pretty generally recognized. Our shops prove it. We have received more paint jobs in the last two months than in a similar period before. The owners are making their cars continue in service and they not only want them repainted because of the appearance, but for the prolongation of the car’s life.

“There was a broken frame brought into our machine shops the other day. The owner of the car could not understand how it could happen. But when we removed the body and got down to the examination of the frame the cause was apparent. In some way the paint had been knocked off the frame. The car in use near the ocean all the time soon accumulated rust. And everyone knows what rust will do. It ate in enough to weaken the frame and the break followed.

“Metal bodies will begin to rust quickly after the paint is knocked off. If a person could not afford to have a car repainted at least once a year they would do well to go over the auto with a paint brush, covering over the bare metal where the paint has been knocked off.

“This is a particularly hard section of the country for paint.”

IT is foreshadowed that after the war aviation will have a tremendous commercial boom. Thousands of young aviators are being trained for war service who will seek civil employment on similar lines after the occasion has passed which they qualified to meet. Commercial enterprises involving airships, extensively gone into, would ordinarily mean the training of an army of high-class operatives. Here will be a great contingent, at once more thoroughly trained than they would likely be had commercial work alone been the objective, eager for jobs. It is certain the airship when peace shall come will have instant expansion as to its uses. The transportation of passengers by it is likely to become general, and the carrying of mails is certain.



THE DEVIL'S POSTPILE

ON MIDDLE FORK OF SAN JOAQUIN RIVER



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THOS. LEE WOOLWINE

(Continued from page 17)

ered some 6000 miles. Everywhere substantial assurances of success at the primaries have been given the Los Angeles candidate, and his supporters here, as well as the candidate himself, are elated with the present prospects of his nomination.

A brief resume of the public life of Thomas Lee Woolwine shows that he has not allowed any grass to grow under his feet. In the materialization of his convictions, he sprang into prominence in 1908 when he launched a campaign against, and emancipated Los Angeles from the corrupt control of professional politicians. This resulted in the resignation of police commissioners, chief of police, many subordinate officers, and a general awakening of civic conscience in political life.

Prior to this Woolwine has cleaned out the bucket shops, and had remedied the social club evil.

Following his election in 1914 as District Attorney, he convicted the then untried dynamite conspirators, and during his second term as Los Angeles County's prosecutor, he convicted twenty-one food profiteers, and obtained an adjustment of prices in the sugar beet industry, thus avoiding a serious contingency which would have resulted in a shortage in the production of sugar.

Those who have closely scrutinized Woolwine's career know that he will be a credit to the state as its executive head.



J. O. HAYES

THE Hon. J. O. Hayes, candidate for Governor of California, is possessed of almost every desirable quality and has had experience in nearly every line of life to make him a wonderfully strong executive.

Physically he is a big strong man of fine presence and easy address. He has years enough to make him conservative while possessing all the vigor and animation of a healthy mind and body. His pleasant face and kindly eye are attractive to all who meet him or even see his likeness.

Mentally he is of quick perception and sound judgment. He is sane and practical in his mental processes. An intelligent writer, he analyzes to logical conclusions.

Morally he is now and has always been above reproach. The finger of scandalous innuendo has never even been pointed his way. His clean mind demonstrates his inner life.

Spiritually he has the highest con-
(Continued on page 23)

TAKE HEED

It may be that the great demand for ships to transport men and war material to France may further curtail the supply of crude rubber to be used in manufacturing tires. If such should be the case the shortage would be more pronounced than it is at this time.

We advise you to conserve your tires so that your car may always be in an efficient state.

Horseshoe Tire

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

WELL, we are in a bad way, no use trying to deny it. It gets worse and worse.

At Morosco's they put on "Upstairs and Down," and brought Miss Juliette Day all the way from New York, to play the lead, and it wasn't satisfying, somehow or other.

Can it be that we don't care for those frivolous things any more? We called "Upstairs and Down" a good thing when we saw it before, but now it is hard to call it that, or anywhere near that.

I am inclined to think that the public has grown away from such plays as "Upstairs and Down." It occurs to me that it isn't at all true to life, and that we didn't realize that before, but that we do now. I lay this to the war.

I believe firmly that it is a mistake to attempt to bring back these successes of former days. Just at the moment they catch the fancy of theater goers, and there is loud acclaim—most of which is press agent stuff. But all such things as "Upstairs and Down" are ephemeral, and they don't come back at all strong.

Juliette Day is a good actress, and will please Los Angeles audiences if she is kept here. But Mr. Morosco will have to get us some better plays. The slim attendance at the Morosco this week attests to that, if nothing else does. And I am inclined to think this will appeal to Mr. Morosco, if nothing else does.

And to add to the desolation of this day we have at the Mason Opera House "Why Smith Didn't Stay at Home," or some such thing. Harry Corson Clarke—oh! yes, I recollect now. He and Rip Van Winkle wasn't it? Let me see? Was it Rip? Maybe it was somebody else. And what did they do? They went to—well, I've forgotten what they did do. But, anyway, I seem to associate the two together somehow or other.

The Orpheum went pretty good this last week. Great Heavens! What would happen to us theatrically if the Orpheum should fall down?

And there are evidences of a slight falling down even here. No doubt the management is trying hard to keep it up to standard, and with some success, but not with



JULIETTE DAY

IN "UPSTAIRS AND DOWN," NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE MOROSCO

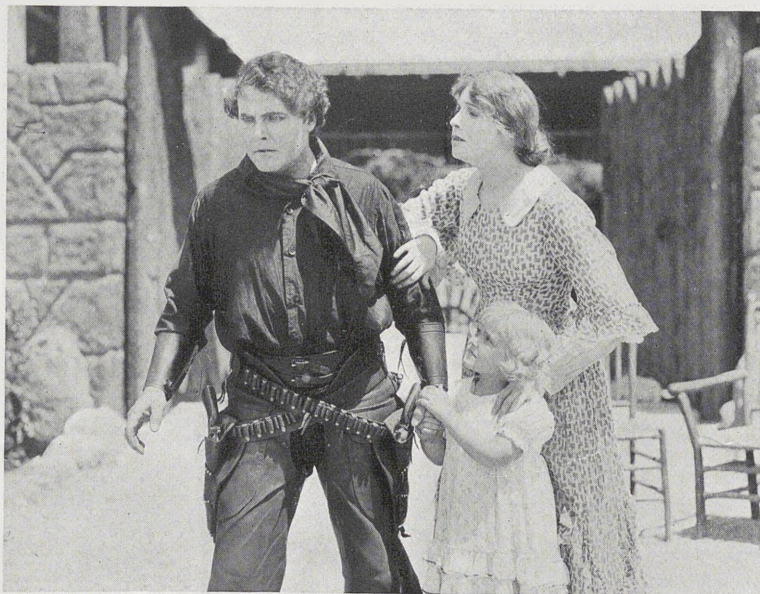
which have had long runs in England. "The Christian," one of the finest things that his father has ever done, was Derwent Hall Caine's starring vehicle for 800 performances in London and the provinces alone. Later he went out in "The Drake," written by Sir Hall Caine in collaboration with

Louis N. Parker. He also played the unforgettable role of "Pete" in "The Manx-man," doing the part over 400 times in four out of six revivals the piece has seen since its birth in 1909. These are but a few recollections of Derwent Hall Caine's stage record, but he also has appeared in numerous other plays that have served to secure his position in the affections of the English theatre-goers.

There is no "season" as such with the Orpheum in Los Angeles, nevertheless, the circuit as a whole has its closed period, when most of its houses are dark. This lasts usually through the unbearable summer months "back east."

Now, however, the benighted cities denied their usual Orpheum entertainment during the hot months are coming back to their own. The theatres are reopening, and the full strength of the circuit is once more at its apex.

This will, of course, have a certain effect on the Orpheum here. Many acts are not available in sum-



WILLIAM FARNUM

IN ZANE GRAY'S "THE RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE," AT THE KINEMA FOR THE WEEK STARTING SUNDAY, AUGUST 25

mer, even on this coast, preferring to lay off and arrange new material at that time. These, all rejuvenated and refurnished, are now starting out, and the succession of new acts and faces will be constant from this time on.

Plans have already been made whereby Oliver Morosco will present a beautiful production of Madge Kennedy's great starring vehicle, "Little Miss Brown," with Juliette Day in the name role. Miss Day is expected back in New York shortly, but it is expected that she will have time to appear in "Little Miss Brown" at the Morosco before she returns.

The Kinema Theater announces its opening of the new season. The public probably never knew that there was such a thing as a new season in the motion picture world, but, such is the case nevertheless. The fag end of the "movie" season is now in the forgotten—and, the Kinema shoots its first broadside. William Farnum in Zane Gray's remarkable romance of the early West is the opening gun. This play starts at the Kinema on Sunday, August 25th. Following the Zane Gray story comes Cecil De Mille's big story of the war—not battles and smoke and thunder—a story of a gripping series of events that transpire behind the lines. Following in close order comes a big Rex Beach story, the first of the new Mary Pickford plays, called "Capt. Kidd, Jr.," and then again another big story.

The Kinema has been fortunate in securing contracts for next year that will bring to the splendid playhouse a continuous stream of big stories instead of placing reliance on the weak and wishy-washy so-called scenario. The present outlook will give the Kinema a strength of close to eighty per cent big stories from the pens of big writers to be produced by big directors.

J. O. HAYES

(Continued from page 21)

ception of God and religion which calls from him the most elevated aspiration toward all that is good and pure and beautiful in life.

His experience in life has been wide. He does not deal with affairs and people from a theoretical standpoint but practically. With his strong clean life, there is no man more tolerant of the weaknesses of others, more human in his treatment of them.

For many years he has spent a large portion of his time counseling with and advising and aiding without charge people who come to him for advice and help. This unselfish work is the only dissipation he allows himself. The result is a host of friends and appreciative people scattered all over the state.

He is an optimist, strong in his belief in what is right, fearless in its execution.

He was brought up on a farm with all the simplicity of a farmer's life fifty years ago. He has always lived in the free open air of the country, perpetuating the healthy simple habits of earlier years from choice though possessed of ample means to change his mode of life to one of ostentation if

he chose. He knows how to frame farm legislation.

He is an orchardist, owning the property at Edenvale upon which he lives, and is a director of the California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, an organization of very large statewide membership which distributed more than ten million dollars the past season.

His education at the University of Wisconsin culminated in the practice of the law. He always excelled. He had the respect of his brother lawyers. He was above petty trickery and chicanery. The consequence was the reputation for squareness and ability which has endured. The largest practice in his district from the best clients was his.

The investment of the savings from his professional work drew him into the mining of iron ore. Here also he carried on large operations successfully and still continues to do so. He has mined gold in California for thirty years and is in close touch with mining processes and the laws and the needs of miners.

He is a ready speaker on any subject that interests him, frequently rising to heights of oratory that thrill the hearer. He speaks on religious subjects in the church his mother founded, preaching her principles and perpetuating her church because she founded it.

He is a newspaperman, publishing the San Jose Mercury Herald. The reputation of his newspaper is another vindication of his character, his standing in his own community and his success.

As lawyer, farmer, miner, newspaper publisher, capitalist, he has had wide business experience which fits him for the handling of large affairs.

In financial affairs he has had large experience. However hard pressed, as he was in the panic of 1893 and the years following, he has never recognized that the statute of limitations relieved from the obligations of debt. After that experience he paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to take up debts that had been outlawed for years.

The bankruptcy laws held out no alluring finger to him.

"No," he answered his friends and advisers. "No son of mine shall ever have to say that his father took advantage of the act. I will work it out." And he did.

In politics he has been a Republican, a protectionist, a supporter of woman suffrage, anti-saloon, consistently and all the time, yet granting to others the right to their own opinions. He never has believed in forcing opinions and measures whether right or wrong upon others.

Protestant in religion, he gives others the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience, whether Protestant, Catholic, Scientist or what not, but believes that each should live his practical life in accord with the doctrine he subscribes to.

He is a member of a few fraternities, notably the Masonic bodies, and is an Odd Fellow.

His family connections are ideal.

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Tailor to
Gentlewomen

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THE PURPLE SAGE"

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The Best of Vaudeville
Every Night at 8. 10-25-50-75c;
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WEEK OF AUGUST 26

DERWENT HALL CAINE, in a New One Act Play "The Iron Hand,"
by Sir Hall Caine
UNITED STATES SUBMARINE BASE ORCHESTRA
ERNESTINE GORDON AND ELEANOR KERN, California Duo
HARRIS & MANION, "Uncle Jerry at the Opera"
TINA LERNER, The Brilliant Russian Pianist
DOOLEY & NELSON, Six Cylinder Comedians
VALYDA and Brazilian Nuts, "Moments of Musical Comedy"
GEORGE MORAN AND CHARLES MACK—Two Black Crows

Orchestra Concerts
Pathe News Views

Leading Resorts and Hotels

THE HOTELS AND HEALTH RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA ought to be very popular this year on account of traffic conditions. You should acquaint yourself with the beautiful spots in this beautiful state. If you intend visiting any of these resorts this summer you should make your reservations in advance. We can make these reservations promptly and efficiently. Service gratis.

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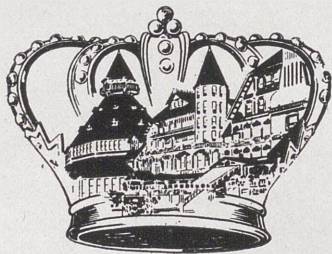
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CORONADO NOTES

By JUANA NEAL LEVY

THE summer season at Hotel del Coronado this year has been one of the most brilliant ever known at the favorite watering place, the constant changes of the military bringing throngs of relatives and friends who have planned to pass their vacations there so as to have the week ends and other "off duty" days with their soldier and sailor friends and relatives, and in fact almost all the entertaining at Hotel del Coronado this season has been in honor of the "Man in Uniform."

One of the most artistically arranged affairs of the season was the dinner party given by Mr. John J. Hernan in honor of Major General William N. Kenly, aeronautics director of the United States Army. The table was arranged in the breakfast room, the centerpiece being a miniature aeroplane built of flowers and ferns resting on a carpet of foliage. The wings of the "ship" were built of pink hybiscus blossoms edged with foliage and the body of the plane was of white carnations studded with blue flowers and edged with ferns. An aviator in full regalia was seated at the wheel, an electric connection spinning the propeller with velocity.

Hand limned cards marked the covers for Major General Kenly, Col. and Mrs. F. M. Andrews, Mrs. J. G. Huggins, Major Harvey B. S. Burwell, commandant of Rockwell Field, Mrs. Burwell, Maj. and Mrs. Theodore C. Macauley, Maj. and Mrs. H. M. Hickam, Maj. and Mrs. Wiley E. Dawson, Maj. and Mrs. H. L. Watson, Maj. and Mrs. F. F. Dickman, Mrs. G. W. McClelland, Mrs. Sidney J. McDonogh, Miss Katherine Prindiville, Miss Gladys Carson, Miss Florence Kays, Miss Minnie Robertson, Majors Fickle, Vaughn, Richards, W. L. Moose, Raycroft Walsh, Lieutenant Grover O'Neill and Mr. Hernan.

Major General Kenly and his aide, Lieutenant O'Neill, who were guests of Mr. Hernan over the week end, left for Washington, D. C., Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William Threlkeld Bishop, of West Adams street, and their daughter, Virginia, came to Hotel del Coronado August 16, planning to pass the month here. Mr. Bishop, who will return to Los Angeles on business, will come down Friday afternoons, passing the week end at the hotel during the sojourn there of his family.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hutchison, of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. William M. Mead are at Hotel del Coronado for an indefinite stay. Last summer they passed several months here.

Mrs. John F. Francis, who with her niece, Miss Gladys Carson, is passing the summer at Hotel del Coronado, entertained with a most delightful luncheon party honoring Mrs. Coutts, Mrs. J. C. Kays, Mrs. Lewis A. Grant, Mrs. M. D. Watson, Mrs. W. McPherson and Miss Madelein Etchemendy.

Mrs. Watson and Miss Etchemendy, who passed ten days at Hotel del Coronado, returned home Wednesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips, of Harvard Boulevard, with their attractive daughter, Miss Angelita Phillips, are at Hotel del Coronado where they will remain for an extended stay.

Mrs. Louis S. Nordlinger and her two children, Mrs. Adolph Fleishman and her child, Mrs. A. Brownstein and her children, are all at Hotel del Coronado for the remainder of the season, Adolph Fleishman, Louis Nordlinger and A. Brownstein motoring down for the week ends during their stay. James R. Martin and Vernon Goodwin also pass the week ends at Coronado while their families remain here for the season.

Mrs. Edwin Jessup Marshall and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Marcus Marshall, (Delight Shaffer) motored down to Hotel del Coronado to pass the week end with Marcus Marshall, who has been stationed with the Naval Aviation at North Island. Young Marshall, who has recently been transferred to Miami, Florida, accompanied them to Los Angeles for several days' visit on his way South.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan are enjoying several weeks visit at Hotel del Coronado joining the Los Angeles colony there.

Mrs. Harry G. Stephens motored down to Hotel del Coronado Saturday to pass the week end with her son, Neville R. Stephens, who is stationed with the Naval Reserves here, being secretary to Rear Admiral William F. Fulham.

Mrs. Alfred Stern, who with her son, Charles Alfred Stern, and her niece, Miss Marian Adler, motored down to Coronado for ten days visit, was joined Tuesday afternoon by her elder son, Herman J. Stern, the family returning to Los Angeles early this week.

Miss Polly Schoder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Schoder, is at Hotel del Coronado where she is visiting her cousin, Miss Margaret Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Martin.

Mrs. Lewis A. Grant, with her mother and daughter, Mrs. W. McPherson and Miss Gertrude Grant, are at Hotel del Coronado for several weeks visit. Mrs. I. Louis, Miss Isidora Louis, Miss Adele Louis, Henry W. Louis, Jr., and Miss Josephine Goldsmith, of Los Angeles, are enjoying an extended stay at Hotel del Coronado motoring down several days ago.

Mrs. Urdahl-Smith, W. S. Collins, Mrs. Bonibel Lakeman and Mrs. Loren O. Crenshaw were at Hotel del Coronado for the week end, as were also Mrs. A. Lester Best, Mrs. Charles H. McKeveatt, Miss M. F. Stowell, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. A. C. McKeveatt and Miss Virginia McKeveatt, of Santa Paula.

Mrs. F. R. Kellogg and her two daughters, Misses Marion and Margaret Kellogg who have been motoring down to Hotel del Coronado for the week ends during the summer, enter-

tained informally at dinner Saturday evening several young officers being the special guests of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Seaman, Miss Helen Seaman and Miss Frances Seaman, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sweet and D. A. Hamburger, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simpson, Miss Frances P. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Chase, Miss Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Harris, Miss Evalyn Personne, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Edwards, Mrs. G. V. Brecht, Miss Nanette Francisco, H. M. Evans, Mrs. C. R. Brooks, Miss Brooks, Miss Virginia Woods, Miss Emma V. Hughes, Miss Lillian Plato, H. F. Badger, Jr., P. P. Barnes and F. E. Naftzger, all of Los Angeles, are among the recent arrivals who are planing an extended stay.

AT THE U. S. GRANT

From San Francisco to San Diego in two days time, a five hour stop over at Los Angeles included, is fast time for any motorist and when performed by two ladies not attempting to break any speed limits but anxious to be in San Diego for last Thursday's army-navy dance at the U. S. Grant Hotel, the time is even more interesting. Mrs. Alice Freeman and Mrs. J. M. Yount, prominent in San Francisco's society circles, were the motorists, their big Marmon covering the distance between the two Exposition cities in short order.

Mrs. Freeman is well known in Southern California circles, having been active in Los Angeles and San Diego circles. Her father, Mr. D. Freeman, is known as "the mayor of Inglewood," the Freeman home being one of Los Angeles' show places. While in San Diego, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Yount took an active interest in the week's social happenings. Close friends of Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., they were guests of the Grants at the U. S. Grant Hotel. Not only did they fete constantly, but from the catches in their fishing outings their ability with the rod and reel seems to be as perfect as with the automobile's wheel.

Following the week-end's activities at the U. S. Grant, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Yount returned to San Francisco via the inland route. Among the other socially prominent women now sojourning at the U. S. Grant is Mrs. L. J. Wilde, wife of Louis J. Wilde, mayor of San Diego. Mrs. Wilde might be considered more of a Los Angeles resi-

dent than a San Diegan, as most of her time is spent in Pasadena and Los Angeles. In establishing her home at the U. S. Grant Hotel, Mrs. Wilde announces that she will devote all her time for the balance of the year in San Diego that she may give her time to war relief work. Included in the list of prominent Los Angeles folk who have been feted and feteing at the U. S. Grant Hotel are M. F. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dorney, F. Sullivan, Mrs. W. H. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hollard, Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Gage, Mrs. Gertrude Burt, F. E. Neftager, H. H. Pickering, D. H. Drew, Wm. Armstrong, C. N. Swanland, A. A. McInturff, Mrs. E. H. Heinecke, Mrs. E. Clemente, F. E. Doud, C. M. Seeley, H. S. Gaul, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Stewart, J. W. Cousins and family, G. H. F. Dellman, C. A. Tracy, S. Klein and son, C. H. Demerest, Virginia Woods, M. B. Meyers, C. A. Tracy, R. J. Ray, H. Shortwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Fleming, P. E. Jones, H. C. Small, H. S. Cross, J. F. Wilde, J. H. Cherniss, G. C. Kennedy, Misses Kennedy, Mrs. J. H. Page, Jr., F. A. McAllister, Richard K. West, B. G. Hickman, W. H. Warren, J. D. Read, W. M. Friedman, J. Goldsmith and family, A. W. Groseman, Mrs. H. Avery McCarthy, Norwood W. Howard, G. F. Sunderland, Thelma Cox, Mrs. E. R. Brainard, Iran Byrnes, J. B. Dudley, B. F. McLean, Mrs. V. Corbin, J. Cawley, Mrs. E. W. Wesley.

Miss L. Woollett, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Welch, Mrs. H. Blumenthal, A. A. McInturff, W. C. Fisher, Gayle Malone, Dr. and Mrs. Macoy, Mr. and Mrs. C. Samuels, Mrs. Chas. H. McVey, Miss C. Douglas, Gayle Nealee, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Newport, Mrs. Mary Briner, Mr. Van de Hensel, Doretta White, Cassie Cumming, Mrs. J. A. Hayden, Tom Hayden, Mrs. Geo. F. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Coutts, Mrs. E. Manback, Miss Evaline Coutts, Miss Gladys Coutts, Miss Violet Coutts, Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss Edith Hitchcock, Miss Helen Hitchcock, Miss Mildred Hitchcock, Miss Catherine Caskey, Miss Madge Caldwell, Inez E. Stillwell, Scott Carter, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lansing, Richard Garvey, Mrs. Daniel H. Gienty, Mrs. Mary E. Mooney, Mrs. Katherine Smithton, Richard Garvey, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Austin.

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(Continued from Page 12)

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relating to the various chapters, is an
interesting and well-written brochure
treating of Missions and Mission his-
tory in California. Twenty-one Mis-
sions and four Parish churches are
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Missions. There are eleven chapters in
the book, and not only much interest
and entertainment are afforded by the
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valuable historical knowledge is em-
braced in the pages. George W. Moyle
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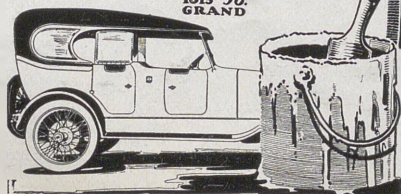
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ness. The pages show a really sensi-
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fluence of the Jew in American Life."
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its pages may be questioned, such as
that regarding "Ultramontane Roman
Catholicism," which is certainly not on
the side of the Allies, but subtly against
them; and the other discounting Chris-
tianity altogether as a force "able to
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nificance of a Jewish State: By A. A.
Berle, A. M., D. D. Mitchell Kenner-
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